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ACTION
ADVENTURE
THRILLS

APR.

SUPER-MYSTERY

COMICS

10¢



The Cabra's poisoned nails
clawed closer to the girl's
throat as Magna and
Davey crashed through
the tunnel to save her.



ALL STARS—MAGNO AND DAVEY • VULCAN • BUCKSKIN
THE BLACK ACE • CAPTAIN GALLANT • PEE WEE WILSON



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ACTION ADVENTURE THRILLS SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS

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VOLUME III, No. 1

APRIL, 1942

MAGNO, THE MAGNETIC MAN 1

The Cobra has robbed the charmed amulet which gives him powers greater even than Magna's. There is just one drawback: He cannot use its mystic charms on himself. But the time comes when, back to the wall, he must chase between keeping one of two things intact—either the amulet or his worthless hide

VULCAN 16

It was Johnson's job to see that the sprinkling trucks were filled with water. Yet, the entire Experimental Field went up in flames when a soldier innocently flicked his cigarette butt into a pool of liquid just sprayed from one of these very trucks!

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When Al and George playfully switch sign posts on Pee Wee, little do they suspect that their innocent joke sends the hill-billy carpal on a wild adventure—an adventure from which he never returns the same

MAGNO

The Magnetic Man

WITH DAVEY, HIS YOUNG FRIEND WHO WEARS A "LITTLE MAGNO SUIT" AND SHARES HIS MAGNETIC POWERS, MAGNO, MASTER OF MAGNETISM FIGHTS AT ALL TIMES IN DEFENSE OF AMERICA AND OF THE POOR AND OPPRESSED.

Don Mooney

BOOM

THAT'S THE END OF THE COBRA

I HOPE, I HOPE, I HOPE,

?

BUT IS IT

MEANWHILE, BY SOME MIRACLE THE COBRA REACHES SHORE

THEY NEARLY GOT ME! NEARLY HEH! HEH! HEH!

SO YOU ARE THE FAMOUS COBRA, EH? HMM. I'LL TELL YOU. I'M BUILDING A SECRET ARMY! VEN THE TIME COME, I STRIKE! NOW I CAN USE YOU. . .

GOOD BARON!

BUT CAN'T WE TALK IN PRIVATE? THESE GUARDS!

AS THE COBRA LIES EXHAUSTED ON THE GROUND

GET UP!

WHA..!

COME ON WE'RE TAKING YOU TO THE BARON!



AND THE BARON FALLS FOR IT.

WE'LL GO INTO MY PRIVATE ROOM, . AS I WAS SAYING, THE ONLY THING THAT STOPS ME FROM STARTING NOW IS MAGNO! VONCE I HAVE FOUND A VAY OF TAKING CARE OF HIM, .

I KNOW HOW, BARON!

AS THEY ENTER THE COBRA'S PRIVATE ROOM, THE COBRA STRIKES.

VOT ARE YOU DOING? LET GO OF ME. . HELP! HELP! OWW!

HA! HA! DID YOU THINK I WAS GOING TO KILL MAGNO FOR YOU? I'M GOING TO BE THE LEADER AROUND HERE!

FROM UNDER THE COBRAS' NAILS, SNAKE POISON FLOWS AND ENTERS THE BARON'S VEINS, KILLING HIM

SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE BARON?

I'M YOUR NEW LEADER, DOES ANYBODY WANT TO DISPUTE IT?

OH YEAH!

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO PROVE TO YOU, I'M LEADER HERE!

HEY! WHATTA YOU DOING? LET GO OF MY HANDS!

FRANZ IS DEAD. . AND ALL GREEN!

AND SO QUICK

NOW, DOES ANYBODY ELSE WISH TO DISPUTE MY LEADERSHIP?

NO! NO!

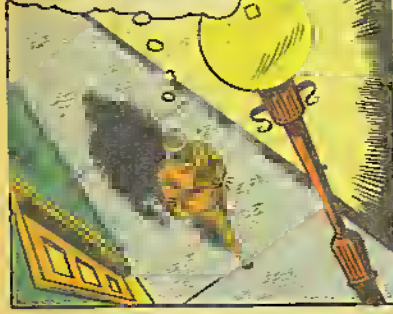
OKAY THEN! YOU MEN WILL STATION YOURSELVES IN STRATEGIC PARTS OF CHICAGO AND ATTACK WHEN YOU SEE A YELLOW FLARE BURSTING IN THE SKY! NOW HERE'S THE PLAN!

AND WHEN THE MEN LEAVE. .

BUT THE POWERS ARE NOT UNKNOWN TO ME, FOR WHEN I GET THE AMULET I SHALL USE IT AGAINST MAGNO!

PROFESSOR MERRILL HAS BROUGHT BACK FROM PERSIA A STRANGE AMULET. HE CLAIMS IT HAS MYSTERIOUS POWERS, UNKNOWN TO THE PROFESSOR.

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, PROFESSOR MERRILL IS TAKING A WALK.
AN AMULET!
A PIECE OF CARVED ROCK WITH A SAYING ON THE BACK OF IT! "WHOSOEVER USES THIS AMULET ON HIMSELF DESTROYS THE AMULET," BUT HOW DO YOU USE THE AMULET? THAT IS THE MYSTERY!

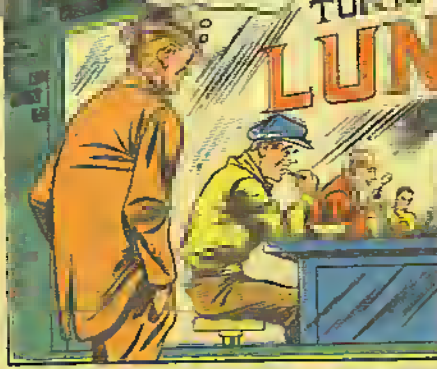


WHAT'S DE IDEA, HUH? YOU TAKE MY SOUP AND NOW YOU PAY FOR IT!

THIRTY DOLLARS FOR THAT WINDOW, BUD! THIRTY DOLLARS OR ELSE!... BUT GENTLEMEN, I DIDN'T MEAN TO... I WAS JUST HOLDING THIS AMULET. WHY I CAN NO MORE PAY YOU THAN... THAN YOU CAN FLY!



THAT'S ALL I GOT OUT OF MY EXPEDITION TO PERSIA, A MYSTERY! BUT WILL IT BUY ME A BOWL OF SOUP? NO! HAVE TO WALK THE STREETS HUNGRY!



YAAA!

IT'S THE AMULET THAT DID IT! THE AMULET! I'VE LEARNED ITS SECRET!



THE NEWS OF THE PROFESSOR'S POWER TRAVELS TO MAGNO, WHO IS GUARDING AN IMPORTANT SECRET IN THE AERO AEROPLANE FACTORY.

AW COME ON, MAGNO! IT'S DULL AROUND HERE! THERE'S NOTHING HAPPENING! LET'S DO WHAT THE CHIEF SAYS!

SURE MAGNO, WE'VE GOT TO GET IT FROM HIM BEFORE SOME RAT STEALS IT! YOU'RE MERRILL'S FRIEND AND IT WOULD BE EASIER FOR YOU TO GET THE AMULET!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO, DAVEY!



AND JUST THEN. .

I GERALD F. MERRILL, HAVE TREMENDOUS POWER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE. THERE ARE MANY EVILS WHICH MUST BE CORRECTED. THERE ARE. .

VERY INTERESTING PROFESSOR, VERY. .



WHA. . HOW DARE YOU WALK IN HERE. . LIKE THAT, YOU ARE ONE OF THE EVILS. I SHALL GET RID OF



YOU! HA! HA! HA!

LAUGH AT ME, EH? MY AMULET WILL.



GIVE ME THAT AMULET! THAT'S FOR GREAT MEN, NOT YOU!

LET GO OF MY WRISTS! LET GO. .



A AGGHHH!

THAT'S THE END OF THIS LITTLE FOOL!



THEN, THE COBRA GIVES THE SIGNAL TO HIS BROWN SHIRTS

NOW THEY SHALL FEEL THE WRATH OF THE COBRA! HA! HA! AND WITH THE AMULET TO STOP MAGNO, I CAN'T LOSE!



AND UPON THE PEACEFUL CITY OF CHICAGO, A REIGN OF TERROR IS LET LOOSE. THE BROWN SHIRTS, LIKE OPIUM-DRUGGED ANIMALS TEAR THROUGH THE STREETS, DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH

WATCH OUT!

OWW
MAMA!
MAMA!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

HA! HA! HA!

MARY! BOBBY! QUICK! INTO THE HOUSE!

HAW! HAW! AND THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD STOP US! KILL 'EM OFF BOYS!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IN MERRILL'S APARTMENT, THE DOORBELL RINGS

I WONDER WHO IT IS?



COBRA!

IMMEDIATELY, THE COBRA USES THE AMULET.

MAGNO

I'VE GOT YOU, MAGNO! YOU'LL LAND MILES AND MILES FROM HERE!

QUICK, OAVEY! MAGNETIZE YOURSELF TO THE RADIATOR IN THE ROOM!

OKAY

WE'RE BACK AGAIN, COBRA!

WHAT THE?..
...OOOPS!



YOU CAN'T DIG YOUR NAILS THROUGH THESE GLOVES!



THAT'S THAT

WELL, LOOKS LIKE THE COBRA GOT MERRILL!

GEE, AND HE WAS SUCH A NICE MAN



SUDDENLY...

HERE'S THE AMULET, I GUESS WE BETTER HIDE IT

PEOPLE OF CHICAGO! DON'T GIVE IN TO THE BROWN SHIRTS. ARMY BOMBERS ARE COMING TO YOUR RESCUE! BLUB.. UGH.. ARGH!



THE COBRA REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS. . . .

HA! HA! HA! THE RADIO WON'T WORK! MY MEN HAVE TAKEN CARE OF THE ANNOUNCER!

SO IT'S YOUR WORK, EH? COME, DAVEY, TAKE CARE OF HIM! WE'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THE BROWN SHIRTS!

OKAY, MAGNO! I'LL TAKE THE AMULET TOO!



SO THEY'LL HAND ME OVER TO THE POLICE, EH? HA! HA! NOW I'M GOING TO DESTROY HIM AND FROM THE PLACE HE WOULD LEAST SUSPECT.. THE AEROPLANE FACTORY WHICH HE'S GUARDING!



BUT THE COBRA HAS OTHER IDEAS

THEY THINK THEY'LL GET ME, HAH! IF I CAN TWIST MY HANDS AROUND SO THAT MY NAILS..



AND HE DOES IT, SLOWLY AND WITH UTMOST PATIENCE, THE COBRA CUTS THE ROPE WITH HIS SHARP EDGED NAILS. . . .



AND THE COBRA WASTES NO TIME

YOU WANNA GET IN? GOT A PASS?

I DON'T NEED A PASS... MY FRIEND



HEY.. ULP?

LET GO OF MY HANDS ..WHAT ARE YOU DOING ... HEY!!

IN A MINUTE, FOOL, IN A MINUTE!



OH HH!

THERE, I'VE LET GO!



WITH A FEW DEFT TOUCHES ON HIS FACE THE COBRA BECOMES THE GUARD

PRETTY GOOD, EVEN IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!



MAGNO AND DAVEY RETURN TO THE AEROPLANE FACTORY

IT'S TOO BAD WE COULD NOT STOP THE BROWN SHIRTS BEFORE THEY DID SO MUCH DAMAGE!

WELL, THE POLICE MUST HAVE THE COBRA BY NOW!



AND THE COBRA'S POISON FLOWS FROM UNDER HIS NAILS AND ENTERS THE PILOT'S VEINS

THAT WAS QUICK! IT ONLY TOOK TWO SECONDS! HA! HA!

UGH!



MAGNO AND DAVEY WASTE NO TIME



I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK, MAGNO! WE'RE HOLDING MANEUVERS TOMORROW AND WE'LL USE CAMERA GUNS SO PLEASE THE SHOTS SO PLEASE DON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO THEM!

WE'LL KEEP A CAREFUL WATCH, MAJOR!

AHA! WELL, I'VE A PLAN!



THE COBRA SWEEPS INTO ACTION

SURE, I'VE GOT A MATCH! HERE. HEY! LEAVE GO... LEA...

PARDON ME WHILE I STRIKE FIRST!



YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! TAKE HIM BOYS! AND DON'T FORGET WHERE TO LEAVE HIM!

OKAY!



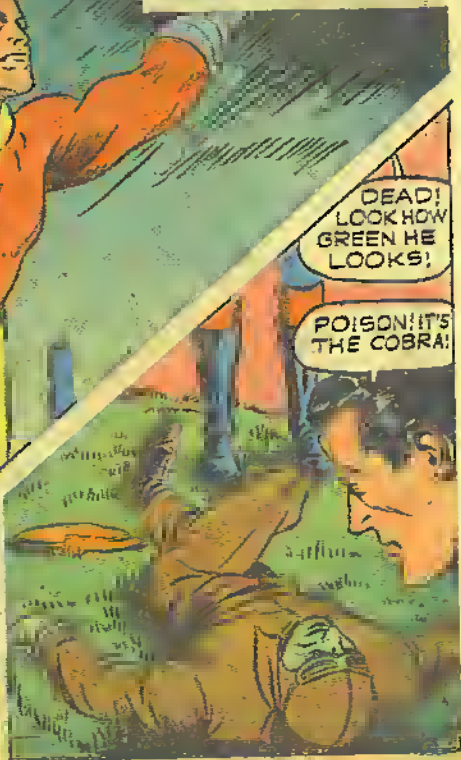
NOW TO FIX MAGNO!

MAGNO?... LISTEN! THIS IS A FRIEND! A PILOT HAS BEEN FOUND MURDERED ON SOUTHBANK ROAD BETTER LOOK INTO IT! S'LONG!



DEAD! LOOK HOW GREEN HE LOOKS!

POISON! IT'S THE COBRA!



AND SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND...



SWIFTLY, THEY SPEED TO THE COBRA'S HIDE OUT AND...

OOOH! WHAT HAPPENED?

WE'RE CHAINED TO THIS OIL TANK, DAVEY AND I CAN'T SEEM TO GET A GRIP ON THESE CHAINS TO BREAK THEM!

ALL RIGHT, MEN, LET'S GO, THE CHIEF WANTS TO SET THE OIL ON FIRE PERSONALLY. HA! HA!



MEANWHILE, AT THE AIRPORT.

SAY, WHAT IN... UGH!

I ONLY WANT YOUR UNIFORM, BUDDY!

SO OUR MEN WILL REPLACE THE PILOTS FOR THE MANEUVERS. WE'LL USE REAL BULLETS INSTEAD OF THE CAMERA GUNS. NOW GET TO WORK!

O.K. CHIEF!

SURE, BUT DON'T DIRTY YOUR UNIFORM I NEED IT!

HAND ME A MONKEY WRENCH, UGH!



YOU CAN'T... YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

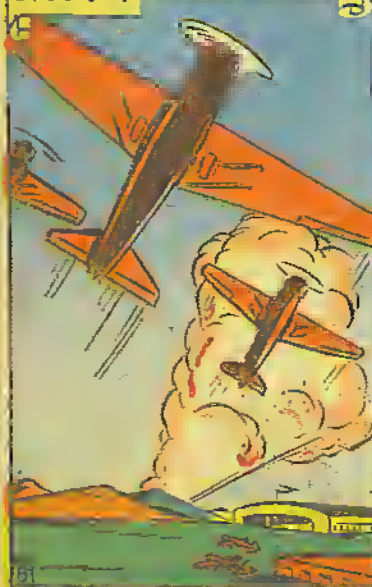
BUT I'M DOING IT!

HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA!

GET IN THERE BEFORE I MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE SWISS CHEESE



WITH THE CAMERA GUNS REPLACED BY REAL GUNS, THE COBRA'S MEN TAKE OFF.



THE PLANES PILOTED BY ARMY FLIERS HAVE NO CHANCE AGAINST SHIPS SHOOTING REAL BULLETS



HAVE YOU GONE MAD? THESE ARE MANEUVERS NOT THE REAL... OHH!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE COBRA'S HIDEOUT,

I GOT IT! I GOT MY FINGERS INTO THE CHAIN!



THERE!

HOORAY! WE CAN USE OUR MAGNETISM NOW



MAGNO FREES DAVEY AND SWIFT AS EAGLES THEY SOAR TOWARDS THE AIRDROME



USE YOUR MAGNETISM TO BRING DOWN THE COBRA'S PLANES, DAVEY!



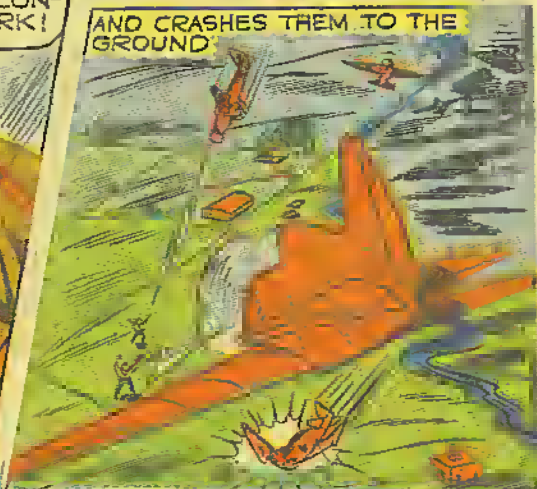
O.K. MAGNO

MAGNO'S MAGNETISM GRIPS THE COBRA'S PLANES...

THESE CONTROLS WON'T WORK!



AND CRASHES THEM TO THE GROUND



LATER.. THANK YOU, MAGNO! I HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED!

THIS WAS THE COBRA'S WORK, MAJOR, HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED



MAGNO! COME QUICK! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!

THE SUPERINTENDENT LEADS THEM TO THE INCINERATOR IN THE FACTORY.

I FOUND NICK OUR NIGHT WATCHMAN, DEAD IN THIS GARBAGE PILE!



HIS WRISTS ARE GREEN! IT'S THE COBRA! SAY WHERE IS DAVEY, DIDN'T HE COME ALONG WITH US?



I DIDN'T NOTICE..

I DIDN'T SEE HIM IN THE EXCITEMENT

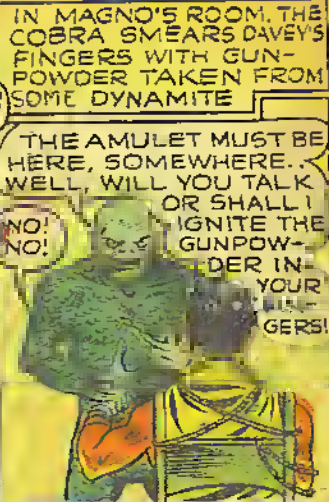
GENTLEMEN I THINK I KNOW. THE COBRA GOT HIM.. TO GET HOLD OF THE AMULET, I'M GOING AFTER HIM



MEANWHILE, WITH DAVEY BOUND..

LET ME GO! LET GO..!

IN DUE TIME BRAT! WHEN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE AMULET IS!



IN MAGNO'S ROOM, THE COBRA SMEARS DAVEY'S FINGERS WITH GUNPOWDER TAKEN FROM SOME DYNAMITE

THE AMULET MUST BE HERE, SOMEWHERE.. WELL, WILL YOU TALK OR SHALL I IGNITE THE GUNPOWDER IN YOUR FINGERS!

NO! NO!



BAH! THE LITTLE COWARD! HE FAINTED BEFORE I EVEN TOUCHED HIS FINGERS!



W.W. WHERE AM I?

WHAT'S THIS

RIPPING OPEN THE ENVELOPE, THE COBRA FINDS A BILL FOR A WALL SAFE

HEY! HE'S INSTALLED A WALL SAFE AND JUST RECENTLY. I BEGIN TO SEE THE LIGHT!



I GET IT! MAGNO HAD A WALL SAFE INSTALLED FOR THE AMULET, DIDN'T HE, DAVEY?



AFRAID TO LOOK ME IN THE FACE BECAUSE IT'S THE TRUTH, ISN'T IT? HA! HA! HA!

AND THE COBRA SEARCHES FOR THE WALL -SAFE..



BETTER WORK FAST..
MAGNO MAY POP IN
ANY MOMENT...
WHAT'S THIS?

AH! CLEVER! BUT NOT
CLEVER ENOUGH
FOR ME



THIS IS THE END
OF MAGNO'S SAFE!



AH.. THE
AMULET!

IT WON'T DO
YOU ANY
GOOD.
YOU'LL
SEE!



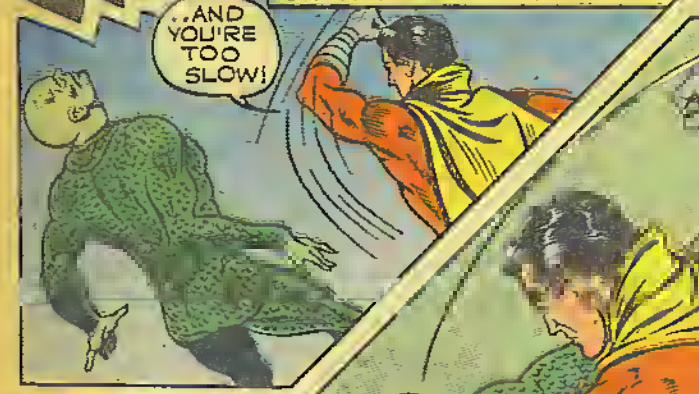
MAGNO!
HOORAY!

YOU'RE
TOO
LATE!



BEFORE THE COBRA HAS A
CHANCE TO USE THE AMULET

..AND
YOU'RE
TOO
SLOW!

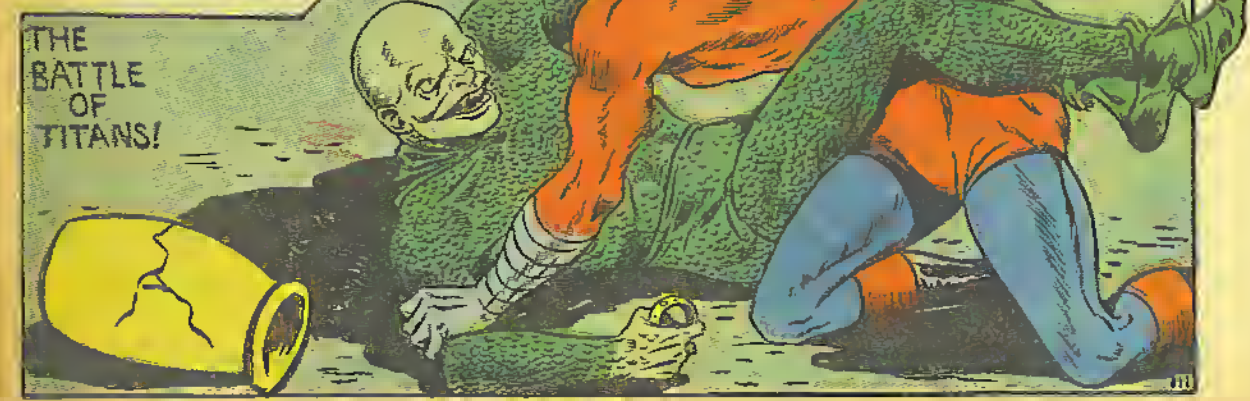


I'LL SQUEEZE THE LIFE
OUT OF YOU!

YOU'LL NOT GET THE
CHANCE TO USE THE
AMULET!



THE
BATTLE
OF
TITANS!



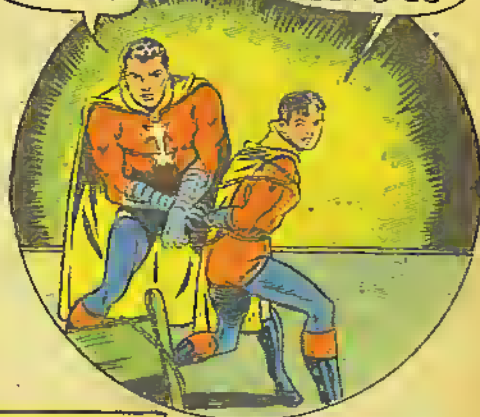


MAGNO'S MAGNETIC WAVES REACH OUT FOR SOME METAL IN THE ROOM... AND MAKE CONTACT.

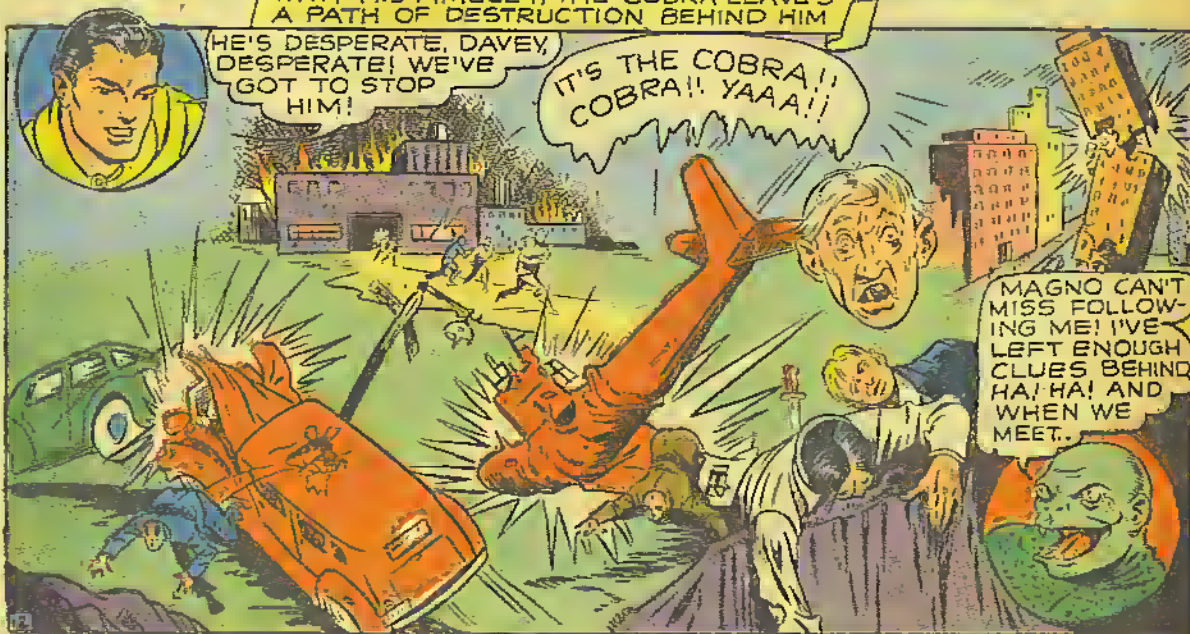


QUICK DAVEY... WE'VE GOT TO GET AFTER HIM!

JUST GET ME FREE, MAGNO AND LET'S GO



WITH HIS AMULET, THE COBRA LEAVES A PATH OF DESTRUCTION BEHIND HIM



MAGNO AND DAVEY TRACE THE COBRA TO A LARGE BARN



THIS IS WHERE HEWENTIN, ALL RIGHT!

NOW LET'S SEE YOU FREE YOURSELF! THERE'S NO METAL HERE TO MAGNETIZE YOURSELVES TO THAT'S WHY I CAME IN HERE! HA! HA! NOW I'LL GET AWAY!



THERE HE IS!

WATCH OUT!

MAGNO AND DAVEY!



FOR A MOMENT, MAGNO AND DAVEY THINK THE COBRA REALLY HAS STOPPED THEM. . .

IT CAN'T BE! SOMEWHERE THERE MUST BE SOME METAL!



THEN, WITH TERRIFIC FORCE THEY ARE PULLED THROUGH THE WALL. . . .



PREW! LUCKY THERE ARE HIGH TENSION WIRES AROUND FOR US TO ATTRACT!



WOW! LOOK AT THE LIGHTNING WE'RE CREATING!

WHA.. HOW!..

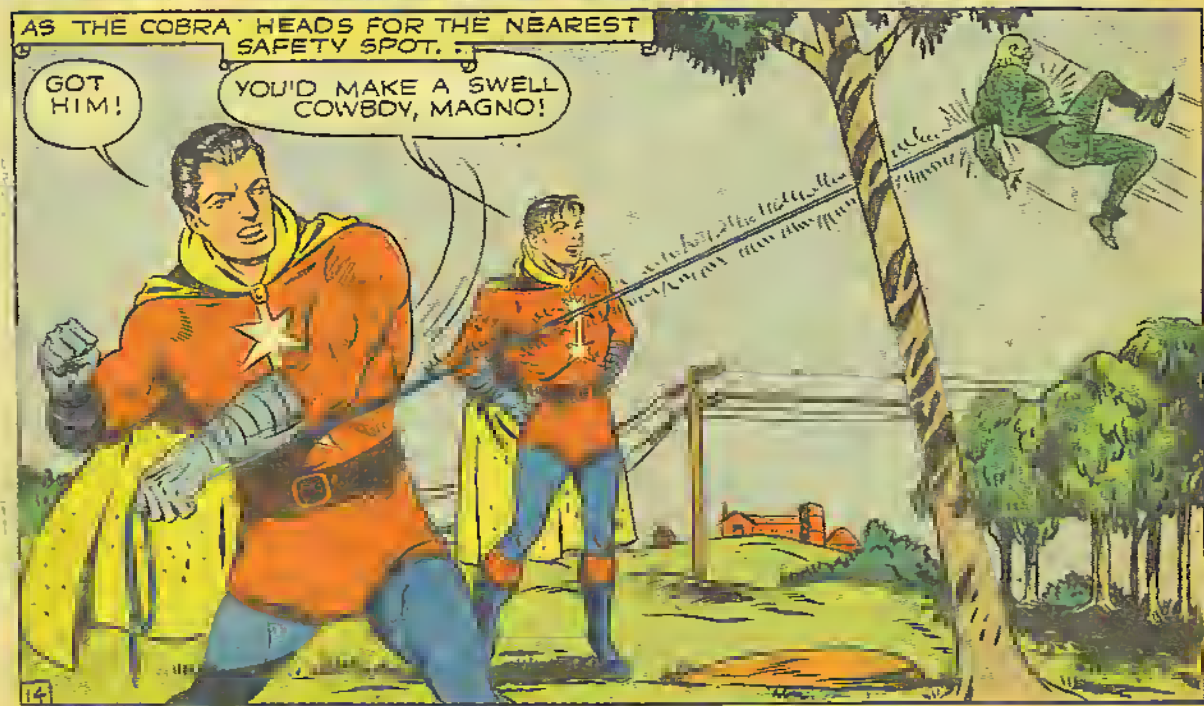
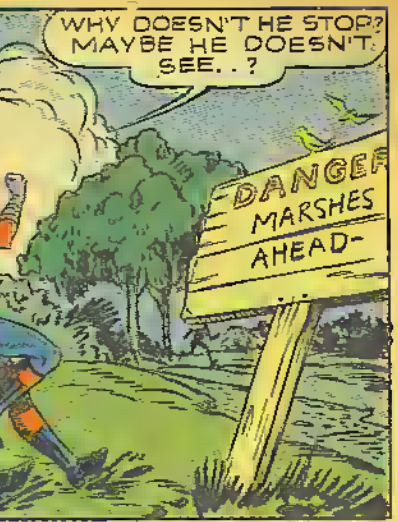
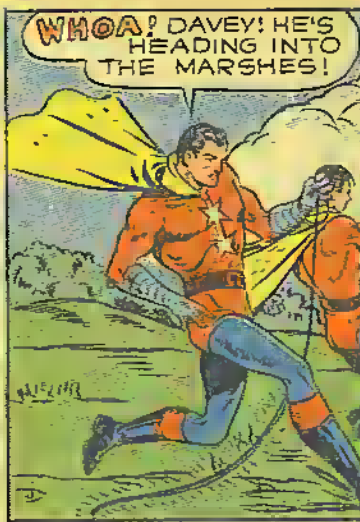
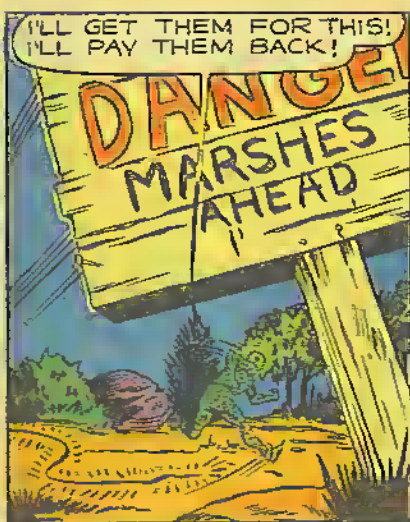
MAGNO MAKES USE OF THE HIGH TENSION WIRES. . .

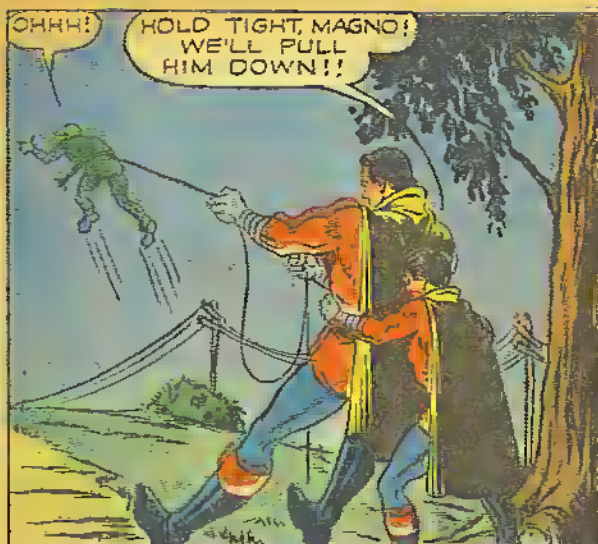


THE WHIP THAT IS ALIVE!

LIKE IN CONEY ISLAND, EH?

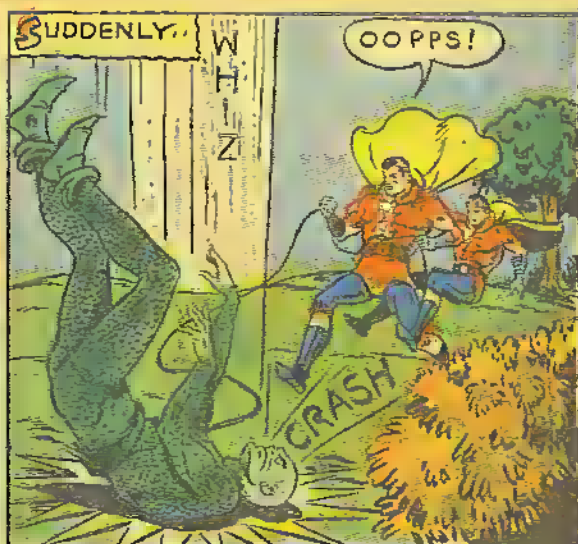
OOOWW!





OH!!

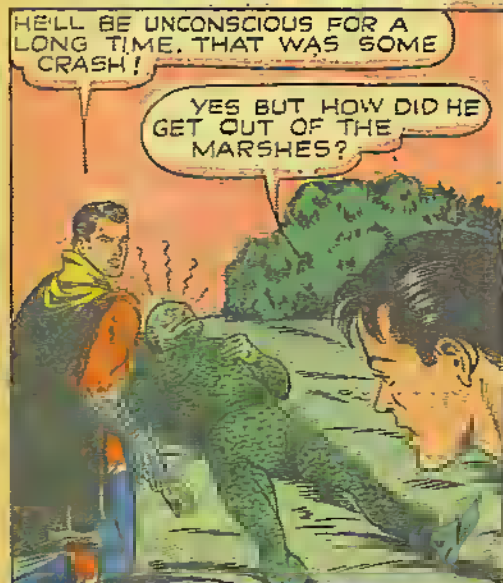
HOLD TIGHT, MAGNO!
WE'LL PULL HIM DOWN!!



SUDDENLY...

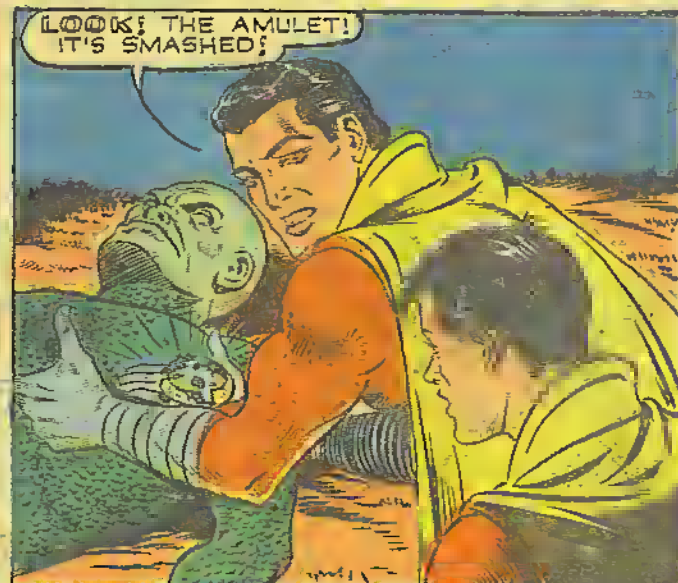
WHIZ

OOPPS!

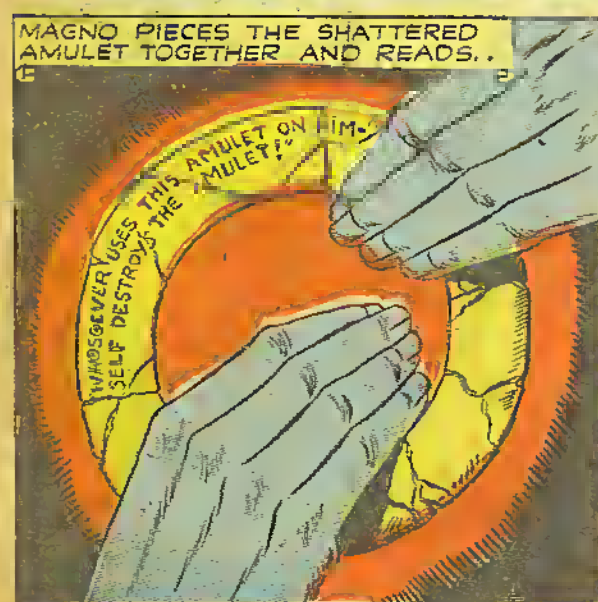


HE'LL BE UNCONSCIOUS FOR A LONG TIME. THAT WAS SOME CRASH!

YES BUT HOW DID HE
GET OUT OF THE
MARSHES?



LOOK! THE AMULET!
IT'S SMASHED!



MAGNO PIECES THE SHATTERED AMULET TOGETHER AND READS...



THAT'S HOW HE DID IT DAVEY! HE USED THE AMULET ON HIMSELF AND THAT SMASHED IT!

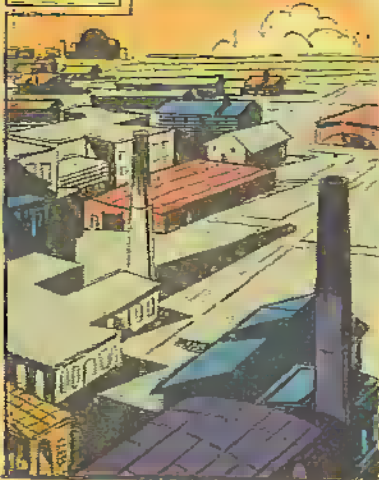
I SEE, MAGNO.. WELL I HOPE WE WON'T SEE HIM FOR A LONG TIME AFTER WE PUT HIM IN PRISON!

OR IS DAVEY WRONG? KIDS, DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF SUPER MYSTERY FOR THE TERRIFIC SURPRISE MAGNO AND DAVEY HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU...

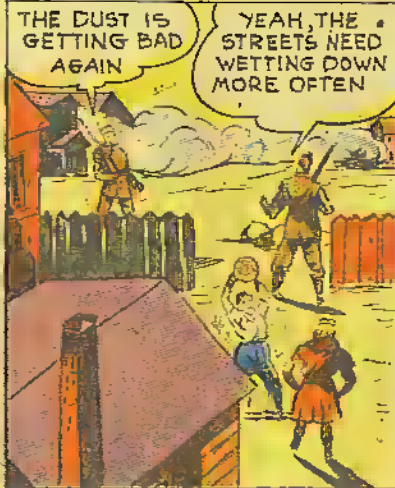


BORN AND RAISED IN THE FIERY DEPTHS OF A SOUTH SEA VOLCANO, VULCAN, DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE FIRE GODS, HAS COME TO THE MODERN WORLD TO DIRECT HIS MIGHTY AND COMPLETE POWER OVER ALL FIRE AND FLAMES IN A ONE MAN BATTLE AGAINST THE LEAGUES OF EVIL.

IN A DESERT OF OUR GREAT SOUTH-WEST A GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTAL STATION AND TESTING GROUNDS HAS GROWN, IN THESE TIMES OF ALL-OUT WAR, TO THE SIZE OF A SMALL CITY...



SO IMPORTANT IS THE BUSINESS CARRIED ON HERE THAT ALL WORKERS LIVE RIGHT ON THE GROUNDS, WHICH ARE GUARDED AND PATROLED CONSTANTLY BY SOLDIERS...



... AND IN A LABORATORY ON THE GROUNDS...

I-I THINK I'VE DONE IT. Y-YES I HAVE. MY EXPERIMENTS ARE OVER! SUCCESS!



THE TIMES DAILY
LONDON, ENG. APRIL 19, 1941

DR. ALLEN CARTER DISCOVERS NEW PETROL.

FAMED SCIENTIST EXPERIMENTING AT THE DESERT TESTING GROUNDS DISCOVERED A NEW COMBINATION OF A PETROL WHICH WILL INCREASE ALMOST DOUBLE THE SPEED OF AMERICA'S FIGHT AND PURSUIT PLANE.

THE FORMULA WILL BE SET OUT IN A BOOK TO BE PUBLISHED BY THE R.A.F. AND IS EXPECTED TO REVOLUTIONIZE AVIATION.

CARTER

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE TESTING GROUNDS...

THANK GOODNESS FOR THOSE WATERING TRUCKS. THEY AT LEAST KEEP THE DUST DOWN FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS AT A TIME

ABOUT TIME FOR ME TO GO AND PUT ON THE FEED BAG

GOOD G-GOSH, W-WHAT'S THAT!

BANG!

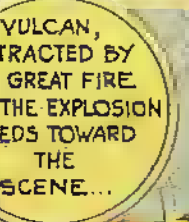
P-U-F-F!

FIRE... THE WATER FROM THE TRUCK IS B-BURNING!... IT-IT'S NOT WATER, IT'S GASOLINE... MY CIGARETTE IGNITED IT!

IN A FEW SECONDS THE WHOLE STREET IS IN FLAMES, AS THE HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE LIQUID, SPRAYED BY THE WATERING TRUCK, RUNS TOWARD THE BUILDINGS...

THE SAME THING ALSO HAPPENS IN OTHER SECTIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT TOWN...

W-WHAT??? WHERE DID TH-THAT F-FIRE COME FROM?

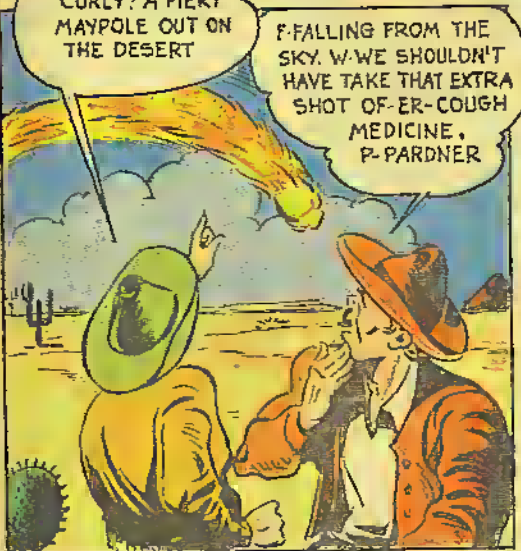




FIRST I'D BETTER
GET THE FIRES AWAY
FROM THE HOMES...



...AND TOSS THEM OUT
INTO THE DESERT WHERE
THEY CAN DO
NO MORE HARM



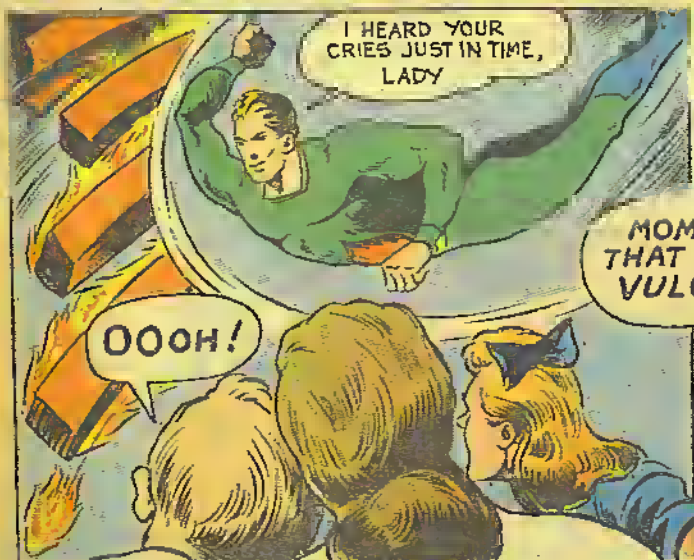
LOOK AT THAT,
CURLY / A FIERY
MAYPOLE OUT ON
THE DESERT

F-FALLING FROM THE
SKY. W-WE SHOULDN'T
HAVE TAKE THAT EXTRA
SHOT OF-ER-COUGH
MEDICINE,
P-PARDNER



BUT BACK
AT THE GOVERN-
MENT TESTING
GROUNDS...

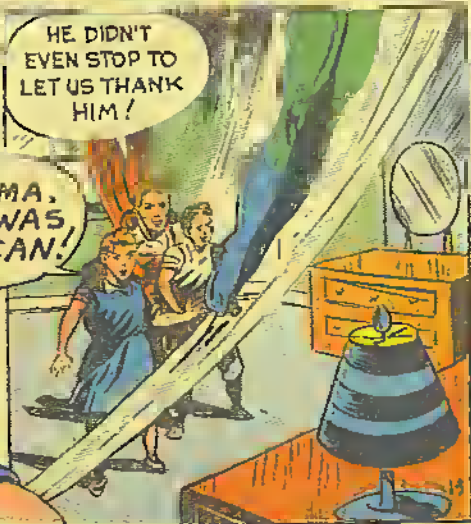
THE ROOF
IS CAVING
IN!



I HEARD YOUR
CRIES JUST IN TIME,
LADY

OOOH!

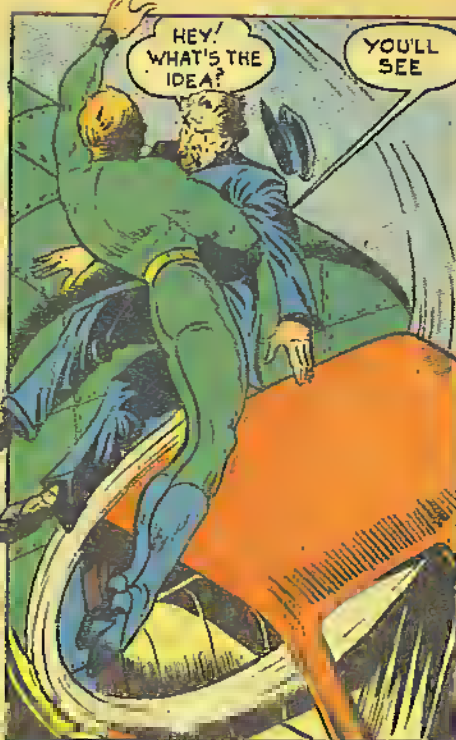
MOMMA,
THAT WAS
VULCAN!



HE DIDN'T
EVEN STOP TO
LET US THANK
HIM!



THAT FIRE IS GOING RIGHT INTO THAT SINKING TRUCK. AND IF THAT TANK CONTAINS WHAT I THINK IT DOES...



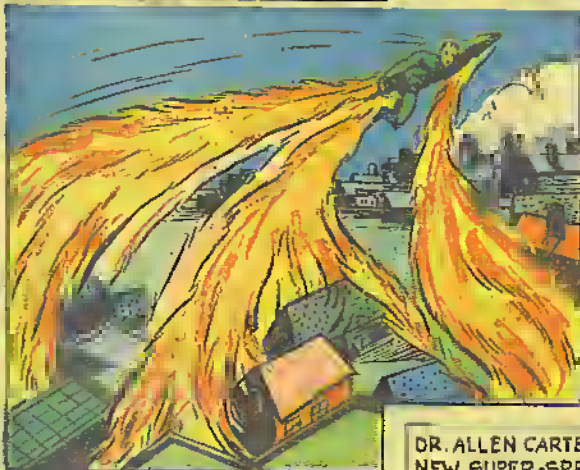
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

YOU'LL SEE



I-I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN

THEN VULCAN ZOOMS THROUGH THE REST OF THE TOWN, DRAWING THE FLAMES FROM THE BUILDINGS



VULCAN CLEANED OUT ALL THE FLAMES BEFORE OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT HAD EVEN TIME TO ACT



WONDER WHAT THE TROUBLE IS OVER AT THAT WRECKED BUILDING

DR. ALLEN CARTER, DISCOVERER OF THE NEW SUPER-SPEED AVIATION FUEL, WAS IN THERE WORKING WHEN THE BUILDING EXPLODED. EVEN IF HE WASN'T KILLED, THE PLACE IS TOO HOT FOR ANYONE TO TRY AND RESCUE HIM

IF THERE IS THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE THAT HE'S ALIVE...

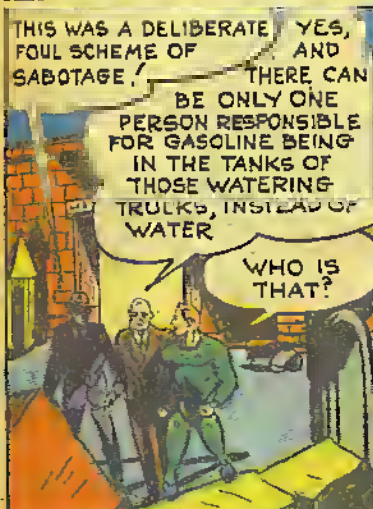


COME BACK, MISTER, YOU'LL DIE BEFORE YOU GET TEN FEET INSIDE!





AFTER DR. CARTER AND OTHER INJURED ARE RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL, VULCAN TALKS WITH OFFICIALS OF THE GROUNDS...

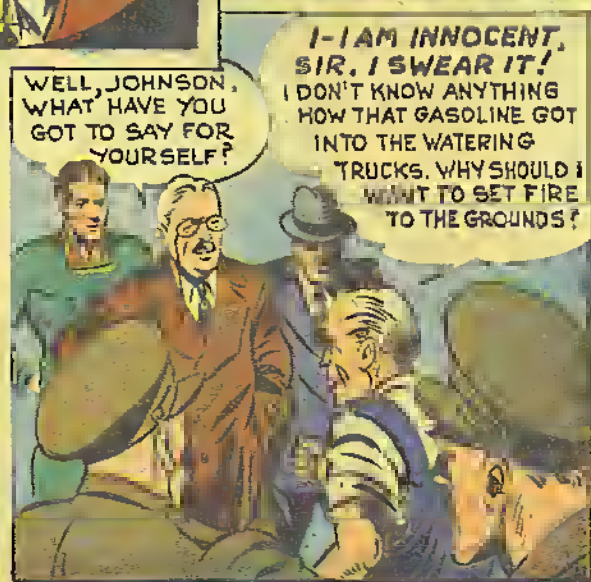


THE DRIVERS WOULDN'T HAVE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT. WOULD HAVE BEEN RISKING THEIR OWN LIVES. IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE MAN WHO FILLS THE TANKS ON THE TRUCKS FROM THE BIG, MAIN WATER TANK



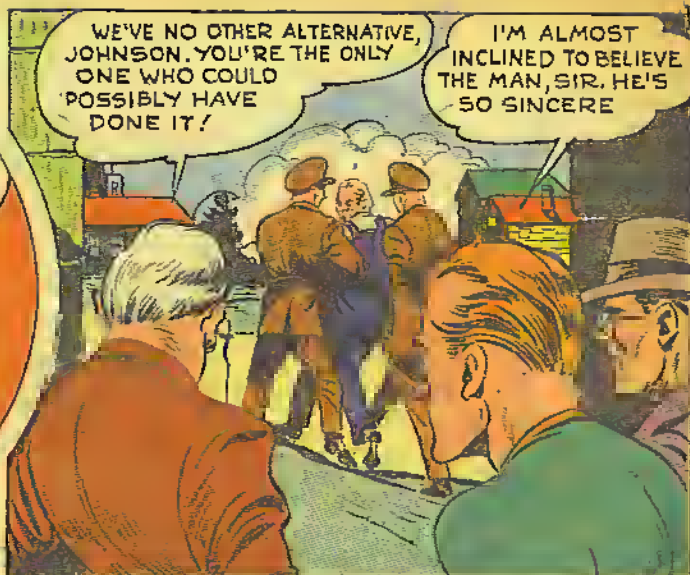
YES, SIR, INVESTIGATION SHOWED THE MAIN TANK TO BE FILLED WITH GASOLINE. WHERE THE TRUCKS GET THEIR SUPPLY BEFORE STARTING OUT

THEN PLACE JOHNSON, THE MAN WHO TAKES CARE OF THAT TANK, UNDER ARREST! WE'LL BE OVER LATER





D-DON'T ARREST ME, GENTLEMEN. MY WIFE IS IN THE HOSPITAL, DYING. IF SHE HEARS THAT I'VE BEEN ACCUSED OF SABOTAGE, IT MIGHT FINISH HER. AND I DIDN'T DO IT. I DIDN'T!



WE'VE NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE, JOHNSON. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD POSSIBLY HAVE DONE IT!

I'M ALMOST INCLINED TO BELIEVE THE MAN, SIR. HE'S SO SINCERE



JUST A MIGHTY CLEVER ACTOR, VULCAN-HEY!

I'M NOT SO SURE OF THAT, BUT I'VE GOT TO BE GOING NOW.

THAT NIGHT, AS VULCAN READS ABOUT THE FIRE AND JOHNSON'S ARREST...

THEY'VE GOT JOHNSON IN JAIL IN VALENCIA, THE NEAREST CITY EVEN IF JOHNSON IS GUILTY. HE WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT ON HIS OWN. HE WOULD BE WORKING FOR SOME GANG OF SABOTEURS. I'M GOING TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS



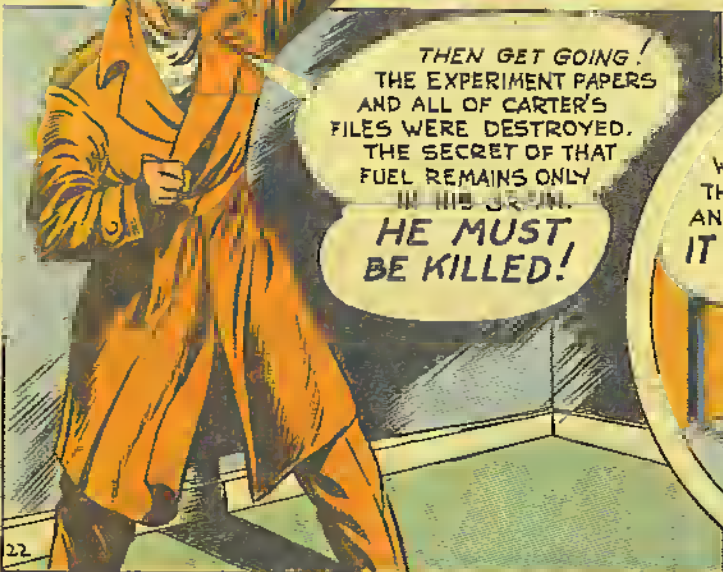
...AND IN A HOTEL ROOM IN VALENCIA, SMOKE SMARR ALSO READS ABOUT THE FIRE

THAT'S NOTHING, CHIEF. ME AND MY BOYS'LL JUST GO TO THE HOSPITAL AND FINISH THE JOB

WE FAILED! DR. CARTER IS IN THE HOSPITAL. HE'S GOING TO RECOVER. ALL THAT WORK FOR NOTHING!



...WHILE IN VALENCIA PRISON CELL...



THEN GET GOING! THE EXPERIMENT PAPERS AND ALL OF CARTER'S FILES WERE DESTROYED. THE SECRET OF THAT FUEL REMAINS ONLY IN HIS BRAIN.

HE MUST BE KILLED!

WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME! ELSIE, MY WIFE, WILL HEAR ABOUT IT. THE SHOCK WILL KILL HER... AND I - I'M INNOCENT. IT ISN'T FAIR!





W-W-WHAT??

I BELIEVE
YOUR STORY,
JOHNSON, I'M GOING
TO FREE YOU!



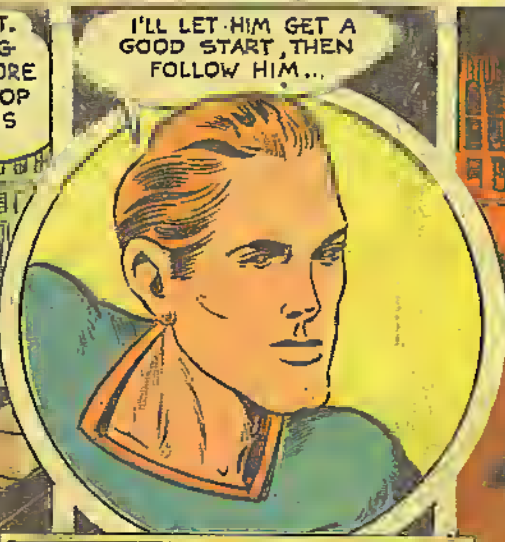
AM-AM I
DREAMING

NO,
JOHNSON. IN
ANOTHER SECOND
YOU'LL BE OUT
ON THE STREET
A FREE MAN
AGAIN



OH, THANK YOU, SIR,
THANK YOU. I'VE
OFTEN HEARD WHAT
A FINE MAN YOU
ARE, BUT NOT
UNTIL TODAY
DID I...

FORGET IT.
GET GOING
NOW BEFORE
SOME COP
SPOTS US



I'LL LET HIM GET A
GOOD START, THEN
FOLLOW HIM...



IF JOHNSON IS
GUILTY HE'LL LEAD
ME NOW TO THE
OTHERS BEHIND
THE PLOT



HE'S ENTERING
A HOSPITAL

AT AN UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR JOHNSON
STOPS AS HE SIGHTS THREE MEN...



WHY, THERE'S
KLARK, MIXON
AND WAGNER!
HEY! FELLOWS

IT'S THAT LITTLE
RAT JOHNSON.
SHUT HIM UP BEFORE
HE GIVES US
AWAY



WHAT'S THE MATTER?
DON'T YOU FELLOWS
REMEMBER
ME?

YOU JUST
THINK YOU KNOW
US, AND TO MAKE
SURE YOU DON'T
MAKE THE
MISTAKE
AGAIN

FORGET THAT YOU
EVER SAW US, GEE!

NOW WE CAN GO
ABOUT OUR
BUSINESS

A FEW MINUTES LATER, VULCAN,
FOLLOWING JOHNSON INTO THE
HOSPITAL, FINDS...

WHAT HAPPENED,
JOHNSON? WHO
BEAT YOU UP?

THREE MEN WHO
USED TO WORK AT
THE TESTING GROUNDS.
I CAN SEE IT
ALL NOW

I CAME TO THE HOSPITAL
TO SEE MY WIFE. I SAW
THOSE THREE ABOUT TO
ENTER A ROOM AND THEY
ATTACKED ME. KLARK, MIXON
AND WAGNER USED TO BE
WATER-WAGON DRIVERS. THE
DAY BEFORE THE BIG
FIRES I SAW THEM OUT
THERE, AND...

...THEN THEY
WERE THE ONES
WHO SUBSTITUTED
GASOLINE FOR
THE WATER IN
THE TRUCK
TANKS

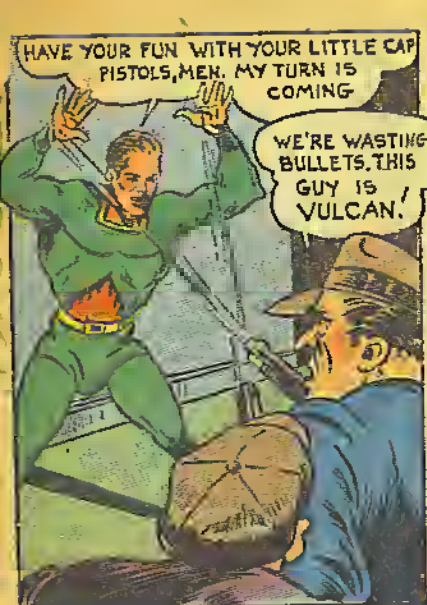
YES, THEY WERE
FIRED FOR
GAMBLING
WHILE WORKING.
THAT MUST
HAVE BEEN
THEIR REVENGE

CLOSE BY IN ANOTHER ROOM...

WHAT ARE YOU
MEN DOING HERE?
HELP!

GO AHEAD AND YELL,
CARTER. IT WON'T DO
YOU ANY GOOD. WE'RE
GOING TO FINISH
YOU!

SOMEBODY
CALL FOR HELP
IN HERE?

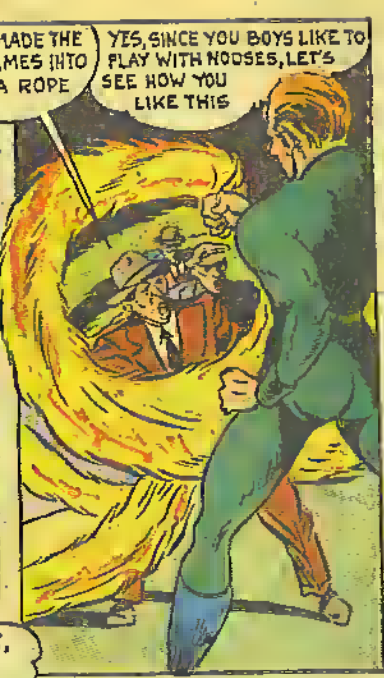


HAVE YOUR FUN WITH YOUR LITTLE CAP PISTOLS, MEN. MY TURN IS COMING

WE'RE WASTING BULLETS. THIS GUY IS VULCAN!



EXCUSE ME WHILE I BORROW SOME OF THIS FIRE FROM YOUR GUNS



HE MADE THE FLAMES INTO A ROPE

YES, SINCE YOU BOYS LIKE TO PLAY WITH NOOSES, LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS



U-LL-KK!



ARE YOU ALLRIGHT, DR. CARTER?

YES, YOU WERE JUST IN TIME, VULCAN



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE?

THESE MEN TRIED TO KILL DR. CARTER AGAIN



WHAT DO YOU MEAN AGAIN?

THESE ARE THE MEN WHO CAUSED THE FIRE OUT AT THE DESERT TESTING GROUNDS



NOW, ARE YOU BOYS GOING TO BE NICE AND TELL THE OFFICERS ALL YOU KNOW OR SHALL I MAKE THAT FLAME NOOSE TIGHTER AND HOTTER?

N-N-NO! TAKE IT OFF AND WE'LL SPILL EVERYTHING

...AND SO WE ARE TO BLAME FOR THE WHOLE THING, NOT JOHNSON. SORE AT THE GOVERNMENT FOR FIRING US, WE JOINED UP WITH SMOKE SMARR, THE FAMOUS ARSONIST AND NAZI AGENT. HE'S PLANNING OTHER JOBS LIKE THAT, TOO.



VULCAN FORCES ONE OF THE THUGS TO TELL HIM SMARR'S ADDRESS, THEN...

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU...

SEE YOU LATER. GOT A COUPLE OF JOBS TO ATTEND TO



ELSIE, ELSIE, IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU

AND I FEEL A HUNDREO TIMES BETTER ALREADY HAVING YOU HERE, DEAR. I- I'M SO HAPPY THAT YOU HAVE BEEN CLEARED OF THAT AWFUL CHARGE

DR. CARTER AND THE WHOLE OF AMERICA ARE STILL NOT SAFE WHILE RATS LIKE SMARR ARE FREE. I'VE GOT TO GET HIM!

VULCAN FINDS JOHNSON AND TELLS HIM THE GOOD NEWS...

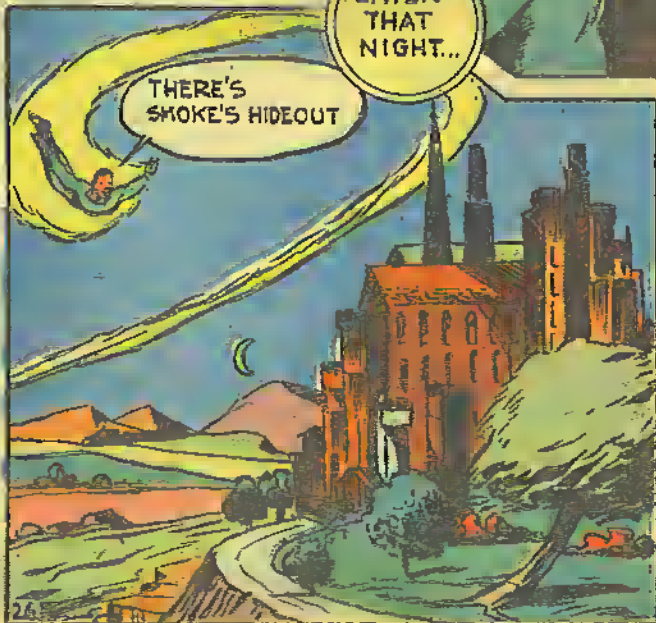
THAT MEANS I'M CLEARED. EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT NOW.

YUP. NOW GET ON WITH YOU AND VISIT YOUR SICK WIFE



LATER THAT NIGHT...

THERE'S SMOKE'S HIDEOUT



INSIDE...

TAKE THESE FIRE-BOMBS AND TAKE A RIDE PAST THE BIG TANK FACTORY OUT AT THE EDGE OF THE TOWN AND TOSS A FEW OF THE BLAZE-EGGS INTO THE DUMPEH SMOKE? WE GETCHA!



JUST LEAVE THOSE INCENDIARY BOMBS WHERE THEY ARE. YOU FELLOWS ARE THROUGH USING FIRE FOR EVIL!

THAT PEST, VULCAN, AGAIN!

SCRAM, BUM, THE HEAT'S ON!

THE FIRE-BOMB EXPLODES RIGHT IN VULCAN'S FACE

THIS SHOULD ANSWER YOUR QUESTION

EEYOW!

HE'S STEPPING RIGHT OUT OF THIS FIERY EXPLOSION

AND-AND WITH FIRE-BELLOWS IN HIS HANDS!

W-WHAT'S THAT?

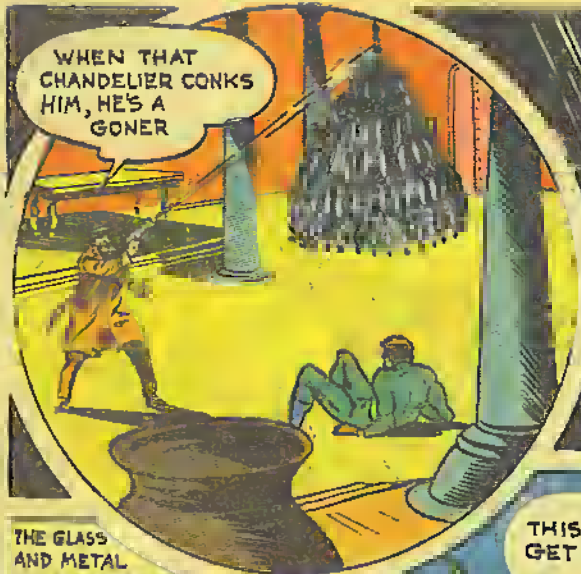
BUT AS THE THUGS RUSH MURDEROUSLY AT THE FALLEN VULCAN...

THE BOSS IS IN TROUBLE. I'LL FIX THIS FELLOW

ARE YOU READY TO SURRENDER TO THE POLICE?

I'VE GOT HIM, SMOKE!

OOOWCH! HE GAVE ME A HOT-FOOT!



WHEN THAT CHANDELIER CONKS HIM, HE'S A GONER



NO TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY. ONLY THING I CAN DO IS RADIATE A LOT OF EXTRA HEAT, AND...

THE GLASS AND METAL CHANDELIER STRIKES VULCAN'S HEAD AND INSTANTLY MELTS FROM THE GREAT HEAT...



A BIT MESSY, BUT IT SAVED MY SKULL



THIS'LL GET YOU!

GET ME WHAT, PAL? WATCH!



A HOT TRICK, EH?

THE HEAT FROM HIS HANDS SET THE TABLE AFIRE!



AH, REINFORCEMENTS! NOW I CAN GIVE MY FISTS A WORKOUT

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SMOKE WE'LL SAVE YOU!

MY MEN WON'T LAST FIVE MINUTES AGAINST THAT KIND OF FIGHTING. I'D BETTER COP A SNEAK WHILE HE'S BUSY



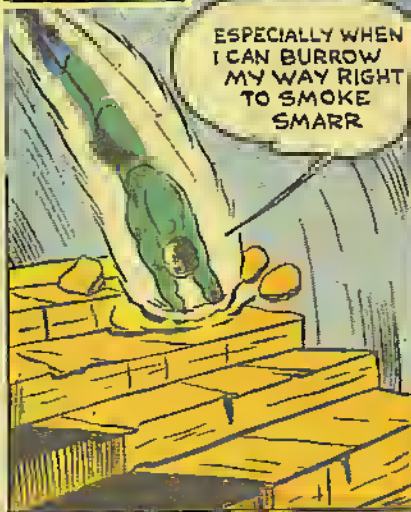
THIS UNDERGROUND TUNNEL WILL TAKE ME SAFELY AWAY FROM HERE. AND ONCE I GET THROUGH THAT DOOR, IF ANYONE TRIES TO OPEN IT AGAIN, A SECRET MECHANISM WILL BLOW UP THE HOUSE



IF WHAT HE SAYS IS TRUE, IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO DESTROY THE BIG HOUSE



VULCAN NOW RADIATES TERRIFIC HEAT, AND...



ESPECIALLY WHEN I CAN BURROW MY WAY RIGHT TO SMOKE SMARR

GREETINGS, SMOKE!

YOU WON'T GET ME!



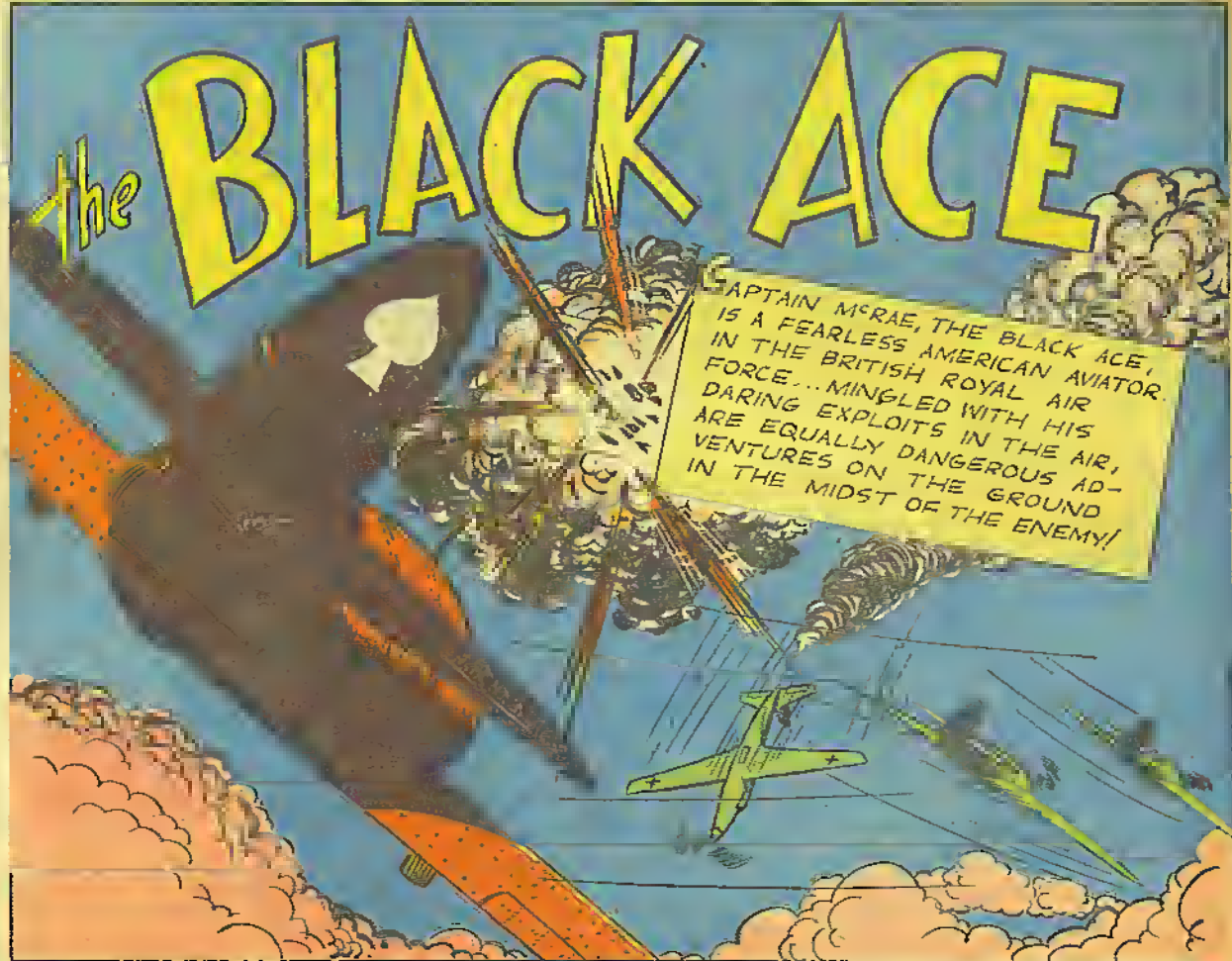
IN A PANIC OF TERROR, SMOKE SMARR RUSHES BACK TO THE STEEL DOOR, OPENS IT, AND...



HE WAS SO FRIGHTENED, HE FORGOT ABOUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE DOOR WERE OPENED AGAIN. HE DIED BY HIS OWN DEVICE



VULCAN PITS HIS FIERY STRENGTH AND POWER AGAINST ANOTHER VICIOUS CRIME IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
SUPER - MYSTERY COMICS



the BLACK ACE

CAPTAIN M'RAE, THE BLACK ACE, IS A FEARLESS AMERICAN AVIATOR, IN THE BRITISH ROYAL AIR FORCE... MINGLED WITH HIS DARING EXPLOITS IN THE AIR, ARE EQUALLY DANGEROUS ADVENTURES ON THE GROUND IN THE MIDST OF THE ENEMY!

FIVE AMERICAN SUPER-BOMBERS ARE BEING FLOWN ACROSS THE ATLANTIC TO ENGLAND, TO AID IN HER STRUGGLE AGAINST BRUTAL TYRANNY....

SUDDENLY, A SQUADRON OF NAZI FIGHTER PLANES APPEARS OUT OF THE CLOUDS!

WHA...! IT'S A NAZI FORCE TO INTERCEPT US!

GREATLY OUTNUMBERED, THE FIVE BOMBERS ARE EASILY SHOT DOWN!

DOT MAKES FIVE MORE BOMBERS THE ENGLISH WILL NEVER SEE!

WE HAF DESTROYED DER OBJECTIVE! ALL PLANES RETURN TO DER SECRÉT OCEAN HANGAR!





LATER, OVER THE ATLANTIC...

HELLO!...LOOKS
LIKE SIX MORE
AMERICAN BOMBERS
HEADED FOR
ENGLAND!



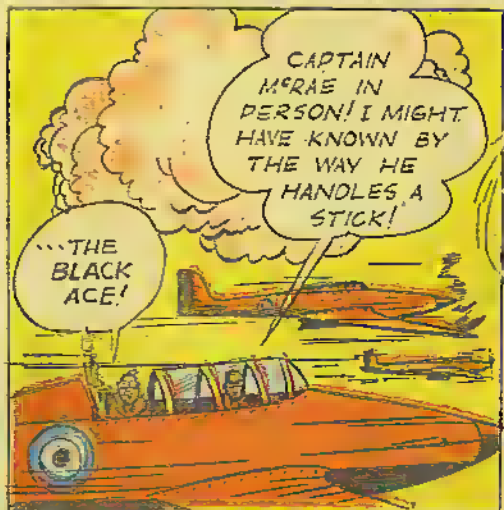
THE BLACK ACE WELCOMES THE AMERICAN CREW
WITH SOME FANCY TRICK FLYING...



WOW!
THAT GUY'S
A WHIZ!...
SAY!...IT'S...

CAPTAIN
M'RAE IN
PERSON! I MIGHT
HAVE KNOWN BY
THE WAY HE
HANDLES A
STICK!

...THE
BLACK
ACE!

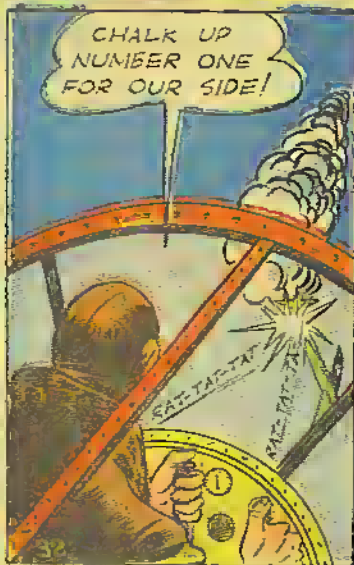


SUDDENLY...

A NAZI
SQUADRON!
I BETTER WORK
FAST!

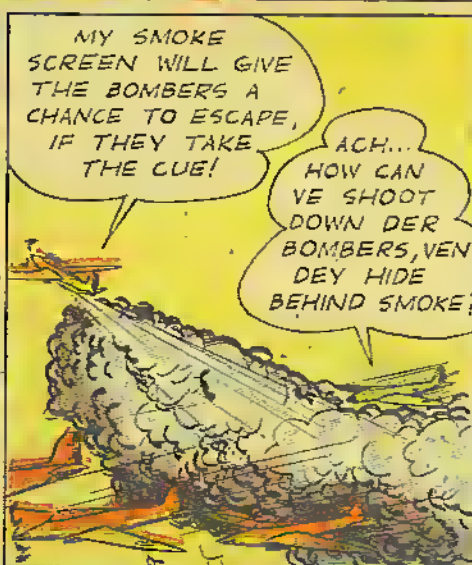


CHALK UP
NUMBER ONE
FOR OUR SIDE!

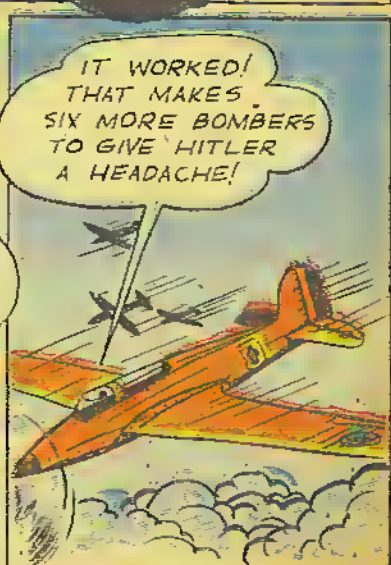


MY SMOKE
SCREEN WILL GIVE
THE BOMBERS A
CHANCE TO ESCAPE,
IF THEY TAKE
THE CUE!

ACH...
HOW CAN
VE SHOOT
DOWN DER
BOMBERS, VEN
DEY HIDE
BEHIND SMOKE?



IT WORKED!
THAT MAKES
SIX MORE BOMBERS
TO GIVE HITLER
A HEADACHE!



WE HAF
BEEN DUPED!
RETREAT TO DER
OCEAN HANGAR!



UNSEEN BY THE NAZI FORCE, THE BLACK ACE
TRAILS BEHIND AT A SAFE DISTANCE...

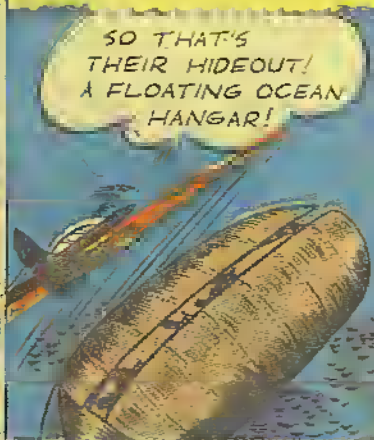


NOW IS MY
CHANCE TO FIND
OUT ABOUT THEIR
SECRET BASE!

SOON THE NAZI PLANES LAND ON
A STRANGE FLOATING PIER IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN!

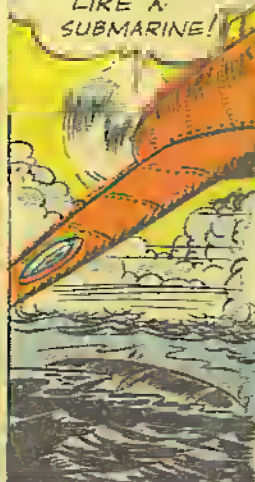


A STEEL PLATE SLIDES
OVER THE PLANES TO
CONCEAL THEM FROM
VIEW!



SO THAT'S
THEIR HIDEOUT!
A FLOATING OCEAN
HANGAR!

WHAT IN THE...??
IT'S GOING UNDER,
LIKE A
SUBMARINE!



IT'S AMAZING!
A FLOATING OCEAN
HANGAR WHICH CAN
SUBMERGE UNDER
WATER TO GO IN
HIDING!



LATER, THE BLACK ACE REPORTS HIS
DISCOVERY TO HIS COMMANDER...

SOUNDS LIKE
A CRAZY IDEA!
BUT IF THEY HAVE
REALLY MADE IT
WORK...



A FLOATING
OCEAN HANGAR
WITH SUBMARINE
ACTION! LOOKS
LIKE SOMETHING
WE CAN USE
OURSELVES,
SIR!

IF ONLY ONE
OF OUR MEN
COULD WORK FROM
WITHIN, AND GET
AN EYEFUL! SEE
HOW THE THING
WORKS AND HOW
IT IS EQUIPPED!

I WAS
HOPING YOU'D
SUGGEST THAT,
SIR! I HAVE AN
IDEA, AND WITH
YOUR PERMISSION...



THE NEXT DAY.

THIS NAZI PLANE WAS SHOT DOWN, AND FIXED UP FOR OUR OWN USE CAPTAIN!

IT WILL SERVE MY PURPOSE FINE, SIR! I CAN MIX WITH THAT OCEAN SQUADRON WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION!



THERE'S DANGER AHEAD FOR CAPTAIN M'RAE! HE'LL BE ONE AGAINST A HUNDRED!

IF ANYONE CAN DO IT, THE BLACK ACE CAN!



THOSE PIRATES HAVE BEEN WORKING AROUND THIS AREA! THEY'RE BOUND TO SHOW UP SOON!



SOON THE NAZI RAIDERS APPEAR AND THE BLACK ACE SWOODS INTO LINE...

HERE GOES!

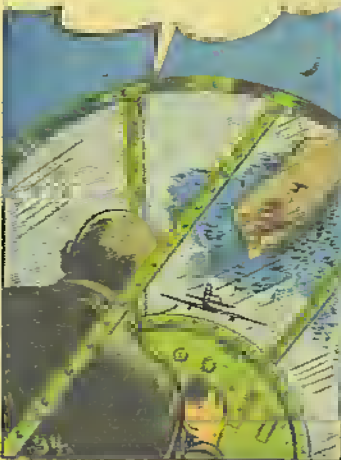


LATER...

NO BOMBERS HAF BEEN SIGHTED. SQUADRON RETURN TO OCEAN HANGAR TO REFUEL!



AT LAST I'LL GET MY EYES ON THIS CONTRAPTION FROM THE INSIDE!



WITH THE NAZI PLANES SEALED INSIDE, THE STRANGE MACHINE IS ENGULFED BY THE WAVES OF THE ATLANTIC!



REFUEL ALL PLANES! WE CONTINUE OUR PATROL IN AN HOUR!

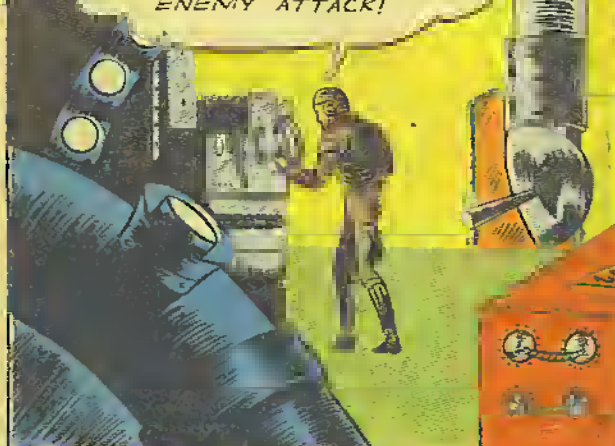
WHICH GIVES ME PLENTY OF TIME TO LOOK AROUND!



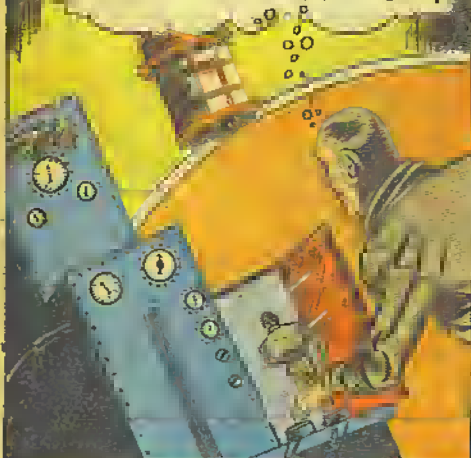
FULL SUBMARINE
EQUIPMENT... WITH A
POSSIBLE CRUISING RANGE
OF A THOUSAND MILES!
ASTOUNDING!



AMERICA COULD BUILD
DOZENS OF THESE, AND
PATROL THE SEA LANES HUNDREDS
OF MILES OFF HER COAST TO
INTERCEPT ANY POSSIBLE
ENEMY ATTACK!



THE WIRELESS OPERATOR
IS WALKING AWAY! NOW'S
MY CHANCE TO CONTACT
THE COMMANDER ON
SHORE AS PREARRANGED!



THE BLACK ACE FLASHES
OUT THE POSITION OF
THE CRAFT....



... AND THE BRITISH
COMMANDER RECEIVES
THE MESSAGE!

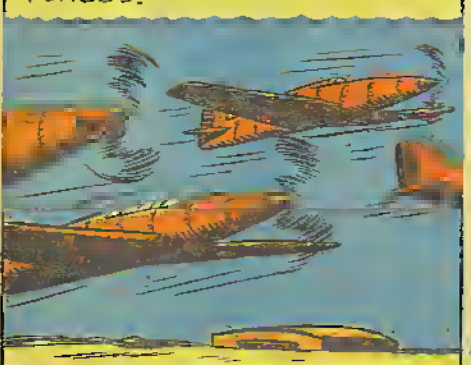
MCRAE'S
DONE IT!
STEADILY,
MEN! WARM
UP THE
BOMBERS!

AYE,
AYE,
SIR!

ON SECOND
THOUGHT, MAYBE
YOU BETTER NOT
SAY ANYTHING!

ACHHH!

WITH A MIGHTY ROAR OF
MOTORS, THE AIR FLEET
RACES TO BATTLE THE NAZI
FORCES!



MEANWHILE...

ACH... VOT ARE
YOU DOING MITT
DER WIRELESS?
A SPY IS IT?

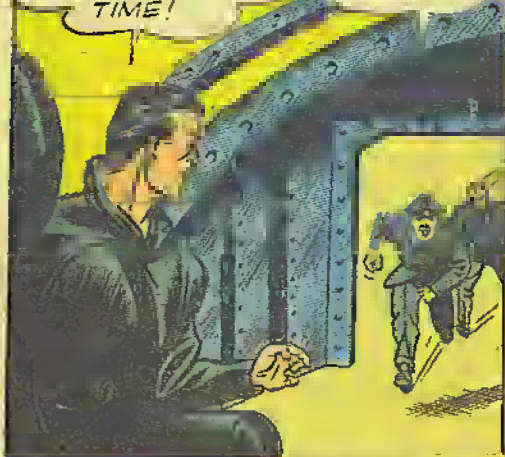
YOU'RE
ASKING THE
QUESTIONS,
ADOLPH, SO
SUPPOSE YOU
ANSWER!



ATTRACTED BY THE COMMOTION,
MORE NAZIS RUN UP...

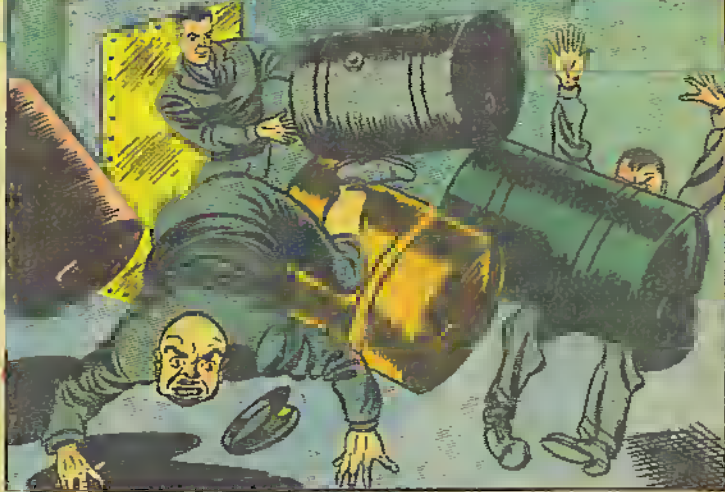
HERE COMES
THE GANG! GOTTA
STALL FOR
TIME!

YOT
GOES ON
HERE?



ROLL OUT THE
BARRELS! MY BUT YOU
BOYS ARE CLUMSY!

OW WWW!!!
WATCH OUT!



THE CONTROL ROOM!
GOOD! NOW TO GET THIS
CRAFT ON THE SURFACE!



THE LEVERS SEND
THE SUB HANGAR
UP!

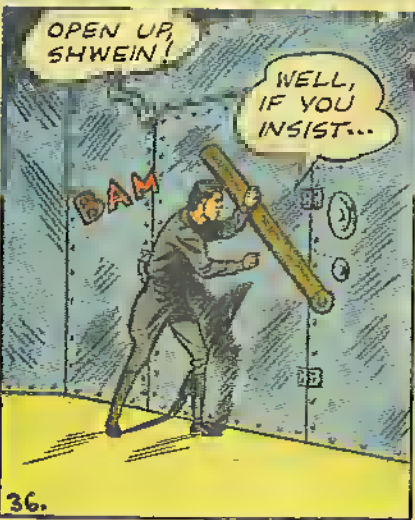


AND THIS WILL
PREVENT THE NAZI
BOYS FROM USING
THESE CONTROLS
AGAIN!



OPEN UP,
SHWEIN!

WELL,
IF YOU
INSIST...



HEY... HIMMEL!
GET OFF MY
BACK! OW WWW!!!

LUCKY FOR
YOU GUYS
I DON'T WEAR
SPIKED SHOES!

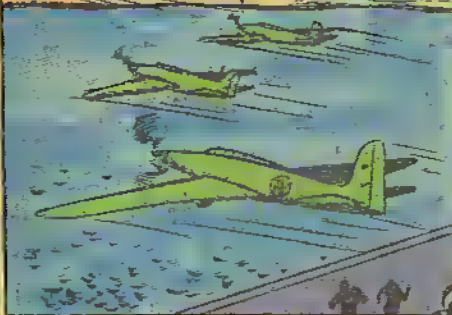


THE FEARLESS BLACK
ACE REACHES HIS
PLANE AND SPURTS
OUT OF THE OCEAN
HANGAR!



THE NAZI COMMANDER GIVES
THE ORDER TO PURSUE THE
FLEEING BLACK ACE!

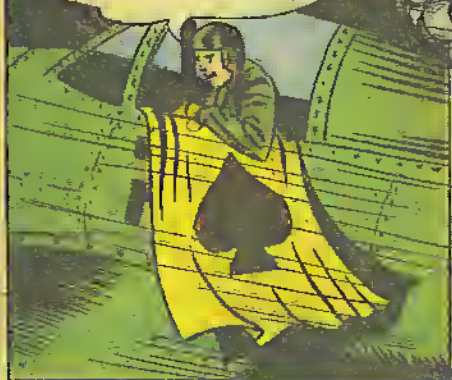
HE MUST BE SHOT DOWN
AT ALL COSTS! DER BRITISH
MUST NOT KNOW THE
SECRET OF OUR SUB
HANGAR!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE MIGHTY BRITISH
ARMADA APPEARS ON THE SCENE!



A PRETTIER
SIGHT THESE EYES
NEVER DID SEE! THIS
PENNANT WILL
IDENTIFY ME!



THERE FOLLOWS A SPECTACULAR
AIR BATTLE WHICH RESOUNDS
OVER THE BOUNDING WAVES
OF THE ATLANTIC!



THE FLOATING
HANGAR IS
SHATTERED IN A
SHOWER OF BOMBS!



IN "V-FORMATION," FOR VICTORY,
THE GALLANT BRITISH FORCES
RETURN TO ENGLAND!

ANOTHER GLORIOUS
DAY FOR THE R.A.F.!



LATER...

HIS MAJESTY'S
GOVERNMENT COMMENDS
YOU, CAPTAIN M'RAE,
FOR YOUR COURAGE IN
THE MIDST OF THE
ENEMY!

THANK YOU, SIR!
I TRUST THE "V" FOR
VICTORY WILL
SHINE FOREVER!

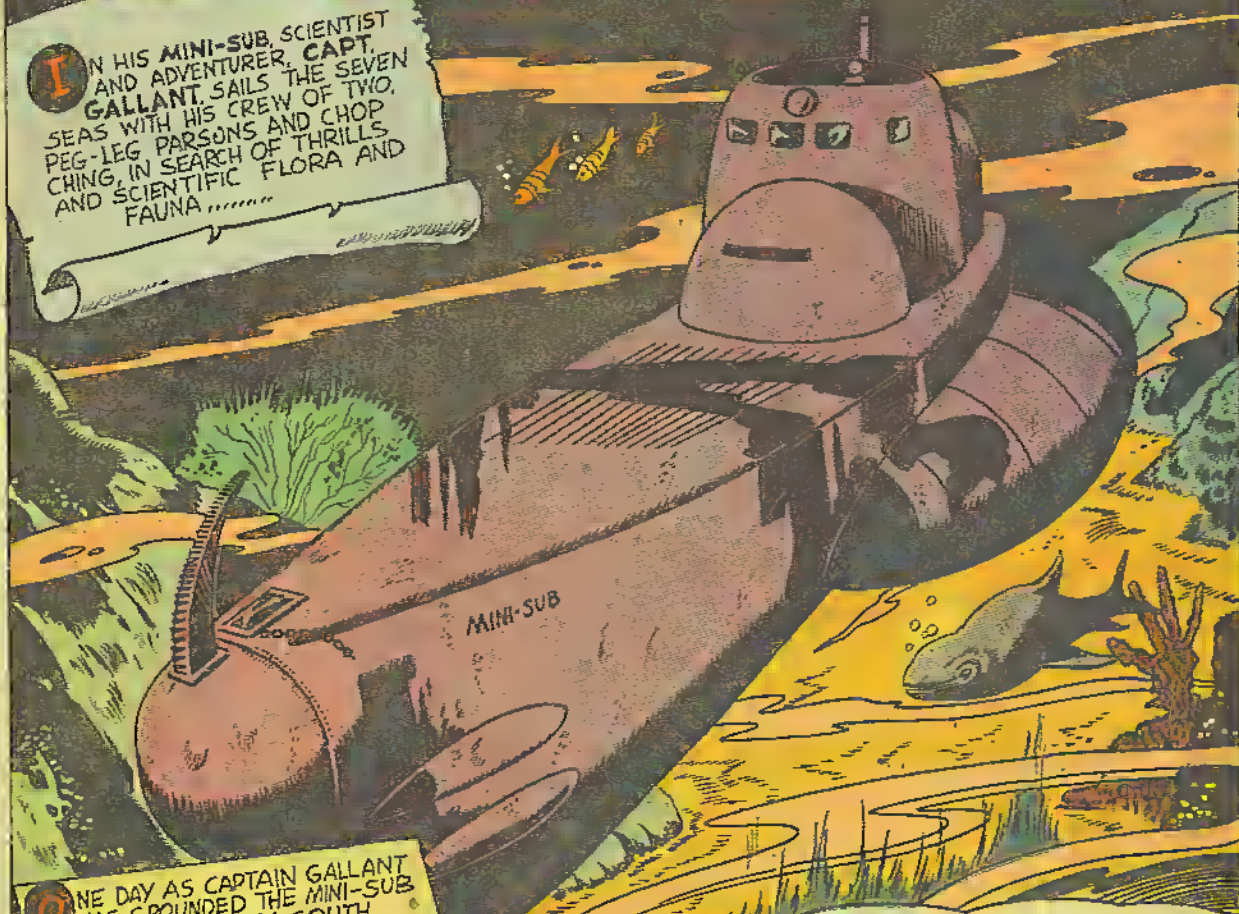


THE BLACK ACE APPEARS IN ANOTHER
DARING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF "SUPER-MYSTERY" COMICS! DON'T MISS IT!!

CAPT. GALLANT

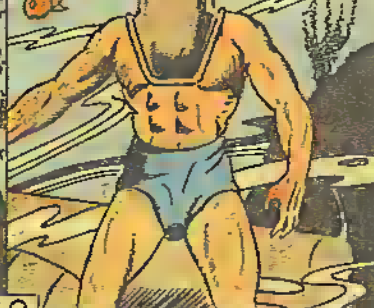
AND HIS MINI-SUB

IN HIS MINI-SUB, SCIENTIST AND ADVENTURER, CAPT. GALLANT, SAILS THE SEVEN SEAS WITH HIS CREW OF TWO, PEG-LEG PARSONS AND CHOP CHING, IN SEARCH OF THRILLS AND SCIENTIFIC FLORA AND FAUNA.....



ONE DAY AS CAPTAIN GALLANT HAS GROUNDED THE MINI-SUB AT THE BOTTOM OF A SOUTH SEA ISLAND COVE.....

...OUGHT TO BE SOME NICE RARE PLANT-SPECIMEN AROUND HERE,



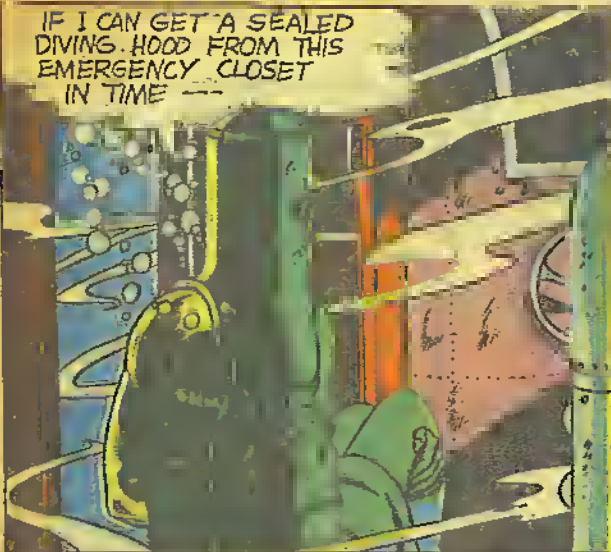
-- WHAT THE --- ???



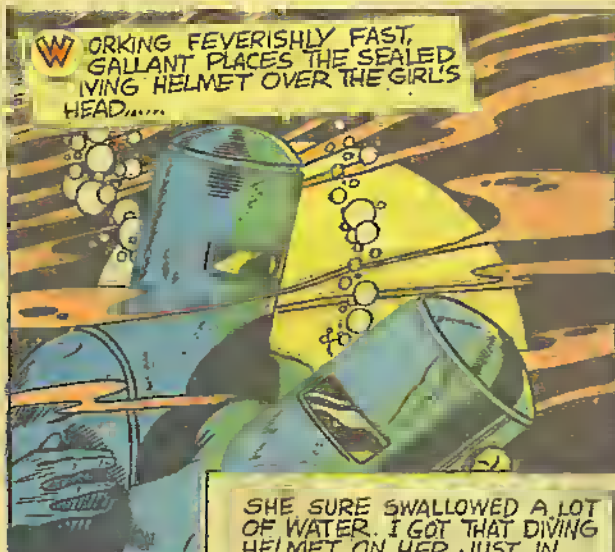
A GIRL WITH A WEIGHT AROUND HER NECK. MUST HAVE TRIED SUICIDE. GOT TO HURRY IF I'M GOING TO SAVE HER.



IF I CAN GET A SEALED
DIVING HOOD FROM THIS
EMERGENCY CLOSET
IN TIME ---



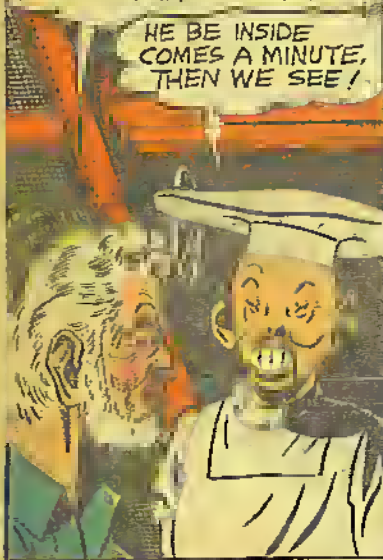
WORKING FEVERISHLY FAST,
GALLANT PLACES THE SEALED
DIVING HELMET OVER THE GIRL'S
HEAD.....



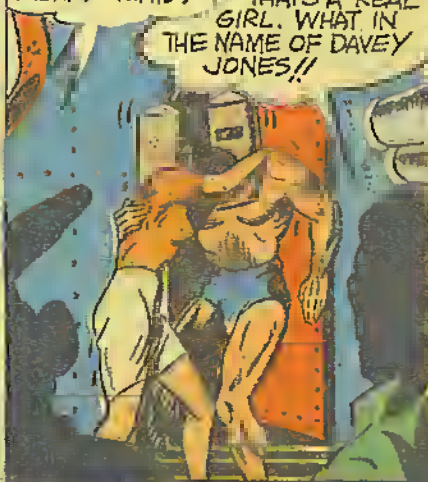
SHE SURE SWALLOWED A LOT
OF WATER. I GOT THAT DIVING
HELMET ON HER JUST IN
TIME. SHE'LL BE ABLE TO
TALK IN A MOMENT!

THE SKIPPER IS BACK IN THE
AIR COMPRESSION CHAMBER
ALREADY. HE MUST HAVE
FOUND A RARE SPECIMAN!

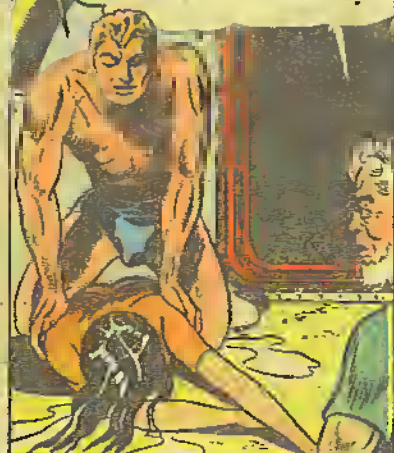
HE BE INSIDE
COMES A MINUTE,
THEN WE SEE!



EYIII! RARE
SPECIMAN, INDEED! MERMAID, YOU
CAP'N GOT A
MERRY-MAID! THAT'S NO
GIBBERING SWAB.
THAT'S A REAL
GIRL. WHAT IN
THE NAME OF DAVEY
JONES!!



MY CURIOSITY'S A
BURNIN' TO KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO HER!



I'M ELAINE
ARNOLD. I GOT
OFF A STEAMER

AT A NEAR BY SEAPORT AND HIRED
A SMALL BOAT TO TAKE ME UP A
JUNGLE RIVER NEAR HERE, TO
VISIT MY FATHER, WHO OWNS A BIG
PLANTATION. WE REACHED THE COVE
JUST ABOVE HERE, AND THE MEN
IN THE BOAT GRABBED ME, TIED
THAT IRON AROUND MY NECK AND
TOSSED ME OUT, I HAVE NO IDEA
WHY!

IN A FEW
MOMENTS
THE GIRL
REVIVES AND
IN ANSWER
TO CAPT
GALLANT'S
QUESTIONS...



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT,
ON THE SURFACE ABOVE..

WELL, THAT'S THE END
OF THE ARNOLD DAME!

SHE'S BEEN DOWN
THERE LONG
ENOUGH TO DROWN
THREE OR FOUR
TIMES. WE CAN
REST

NOW WE'VE GOT A FREE HAND. NO ONE
WILL EVER KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO HER! ASSURED
SHE'S
DEAD NOW!



WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF THOSE THUGS, NOW, MISS ARNOLD, THEY THINK YOU'RE DEAD. I'VE AN IDEA WE CAN USE THAT AS A WEAPON AGAINST THEM.

BUT WHAT ABOUT FATHER? I'M AFRAID OF WHAT THOSE MEN MIGHT HAVE DONE TO HIM!



ME, TOO. WE'RE GOING TO SAIL UP THE RIVER TO THE PLANTATION - BUT UNDERWATER! START THE MOTORS, PEG-LEG!



MOVING SWIFTLY UNDER WATER THE MINI-SUB MAKES ITS WAY UP THE RIVER.



HERE WE ARE AT THE PLANTATION'S PIER, IT'S DARK NOW, TOO. THAT MIGHT BE A HELP!



WE'RE GOING UP TO THE PLANTATION, CHOP. I'M LEAVING YOU ON GUARD. IF THERE'S ANY TROUBLE, SOUND A WARNING SHOT AND WE'LL RETURN!

OKAY, BUT ME GOING TO BE VELLY LONESOME!



HOW FAR IS THE PLANTATION MANSION FROM THE RIVER, MISS ARNOLD?

ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF, BUT THERE IS A GOOD TRAIL BLAZED ALL THE WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE!



WHAT ARE THOSE NATIVE DRUMS BOOMING FOR?

AS I REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE WE PASS A NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE WAY TO THE PLANTATION. THEY MUST BE HAVING SOME KIND OF A CELEBRATION!



A FEW MINUTES LATER....

GOOD GRIEF! THEY'VE GOT A WHITE MAN PRISONER!

YES, AND IT-IT'S- I THINK IT'S---



AS ELAINE ARNOLD LOOKS CLOSER, SHE RECOGNIZES THE MAN TIED TO THE POLE AS HER FATHER.



THEY'VE GOT DAD! WAIT! HOLD ON. THAT WILL DO NO GOOD. THOSE NATIVES ARE TOO UPSET. WE'RE OUT NUMBERED TEN TO ONE. THEY'D CAPTURE THE WHOLE BUNCH OF US, THEN THERE'D BE NO ONE TO SAVE YOUR FATHER!



I-I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT WHAT-- I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE CUSTOMS OF THOSE NATIVES. THERE'S NO IMMEDIATE DANGER TO YOUR FATHER FOR SEVERAL HOURS YET!



FOR SOME REASON THEY ARE GOING TO SACRIFICE HIM TO THEIR MOON GOD, BUT THEY CANNOT DO SO ACCORDING TO TRIBAL LAWS UNTIL MIDNIGHT. THAT GIVES US A FEW HOURS. WE'RE GOING TO GO UP TO THE MANSION AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY HELP THERE.



TAKING GALLANT'S ADVICE, THE SMALL GROUP PUSHES ON THROUGH THE JUNGLE...

THERE'S THE MANSION, CAPN! THERE'S LIGHTS IN THE GROUND FLOOR WINDOWS!



THERE'S FOUR MEN SITTING AROUND A TABLE TALKING! THREE OF THEM ARE THE MEN WHO TRIED TO KILL ME BY THROWING ME OFF THE BOAT.



GALLANT AND OTHERS HEAR THE FOLLOWING SCENE....

AH, THIS IS THE LIFE. IT'S ABOUT TIME WE OVERSEERS GOT A BREAK! YUP IT WAS A SMART TRICK WE COOKED UP, KILLING A NATIVE CHIEF AND FRAMING IT SO THOSE WHACKY NATIVES WOULD THINK OLD MAN ARNOLD DID IT.



SURE THING. THE NATIVE'S WILL KILL HIM NOW AND THE PLANTATION AND ALL ITS RICHES ARE OURS!



THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK: IT'S SO HOT THEY'VE SHED THEIR GUNS. THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

WHAT IS IT, CAP'N?



FIRST THING, PEG-LEG, YOU GO BACK TO THE NATIVE VILLAGE AND BRING ONE OF THEIR CHIEFTAINS BACK HERE AS QUICK AS YOU CAN!

- WHO-O-O-O, ME? CAP'N, THOSE NATIVES MIGHT WANT TO MAKE STEW OUT O' OLD PEG-LEG!



NOT YOU THEY WON'T, PEG. THESE NATIVES ARE SUPERSTITIOUS OF ONE-LEGGED MEN. THEY'LL BE AFRAID OF YOU. GO DO AS I SAY!!

WELL-(GULP)-IF YOU SAY SO, CAP'N!

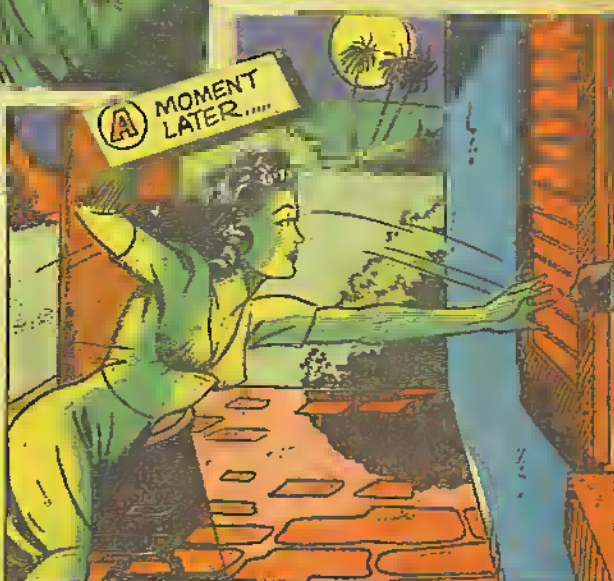


AND YOU, ELAINE, GO AROUND THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE AND TOSS A ROCK THROUGH THE WINDOW. I'M GOING TO BE BUSY AT THIS END!

WHATEVER THIS IDEA IS, I HOPE IT WORKS!



(A) MOMENT LATER.....



WHAT WAS THAT NOISE??

SOUNDED LIKE A WINDOW BROKE IN THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE!!

LET'S GO SEE!!



JUST AS I HAD HOPED. THOSE BOZOS ARE SO BEFUZZLED BY THE WINE THAT THEY FORGOT TO TAKE THEIR GUNS WITH THEM. SO FOR SO GOOD!





NOW TO TAKE ALL THE
LEAD SLUGS OFF THEIR
BULLETS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER,
GALLANT EXPLAINS WHAT
HE HAS DONE TO THE GUNS,
THEN.....

SO NOW YOU GO IN THERE AND
ACCUSE THOSE KILLERS OF MUR-
DERING YOU. LET THEM SHOOT AT
YOU IF THEY WANT. THE GUNS ARE
FILLED WITH BLANKS NOW!



THIS IS GOING
TO BE FUN!

IF THIS PLAN IS GOING TO
WORK, I'D BETTER GET INSIDE
AND MAKE SURE THEY DON'T
ESCAPE FROM THAT ROOM!



IT-IT CAN'T BE! SH-SH-
SHE'S DEAD!

LOOK!

SHE'S COME TO
HAUNT US!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
YOU MURDERED
ME IN COLD
BLOOD NOW I'VE COME
TO HAUNT YOU!



IT-IT CAN'T BE A GHOST
THERE AIN'T ANY SUCH
THING. I'M GOING TO
SHOOT HER!!

YES, YES, DO
SOMETHING TO
STOP THAT TALK!

SEE, YOU CANNOT KILL ME.
I'M ALREADY DEAD!



SHE IS A G-G-G-
G-GHOST!!

I'M
LEAVING!

TOES, DO
YOUR STUFF!



THIS IS MY PART IN
THE PLAY!

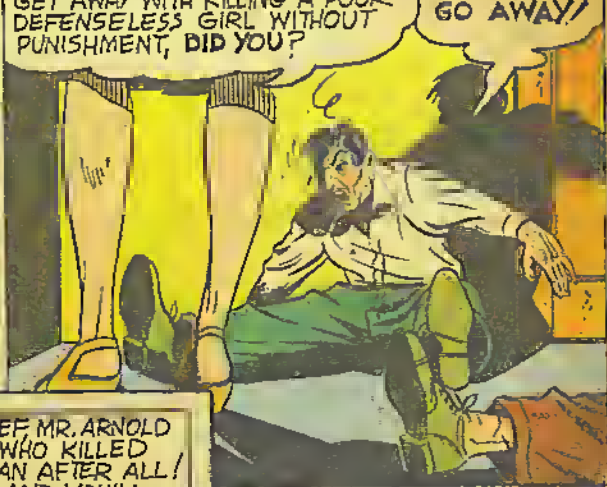


S-SOME THING S-SHUT THE DOOR! IT'S LOCKED!

WE'RE SHUT IN WITH THE GHOST!

YOU WRETCHED MURDERERS, YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH KILLING A POOR DEFENSELESS GIRL WITHOUT PUNISHMENT, DID YOU?

PLEASE, MISS GHOST, G-G-GO AWAY!



AND WHILE ELAINE CONTINUES TO TANTALIZE THE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN THUGS GALLANT RETURNS OUTSIDE...

HERE COMES OLD PEG-LEG, AND HE DID GET ONE OF THE TRIBESMEN TO COME ALONG!

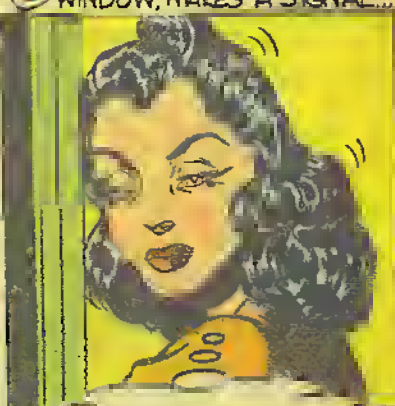


SO YOU SEE, CHIEF MR. ARNOLD ISN'T THE ONE WHO KILLED YOUR TRIBESMAN AFTER ALL! LISTEN, NOW AND YOU'LL HEAR THE REAL MURDERERS CONFESS!

MUST PROVE HOW YOU GOING TO DO THAT, SKIPPER?



GALLANT GOES TO THE WINDOW, MAKES A SIGNAL...



THERE'S CAPTAIN GALLANT'S SIGNAL, NOW I CAN GO TO WORK ON THESE MEN!

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY YOU CAN GET RID OF ME. I CANNOT REST IN DEATH UNTIL YOU MEN HAVE MADE A FULL CONFESSION OF YOUR CRIMES. CONFESS AND YOU WILL BE FREE OF ME!!

ALL RIGHT! YES, YES!



WE KILLED A NATIVE CHIEF AND FRAMED YOUR FATHER FOR THE CRIME, SO THE NATIVES WOULD THEN KILL HIM FOR REVENGE. AND - AND THEN WE MURDERED YOU SO THAT YOU WOULDN'T LEARN WHAT HAPPENED AND BREAK UP OUR LITTLE RACKET NOW--



OKAY, THE CHIEF HAS HEARD ENOUGH TO CONVINCE HIM, NOW, LET'S GRAB THESE KILLERS!

LET ME AT 'EM!



WE-WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! SLAUGHTER THESE MUGS!

IT WAS ALL JUST A GAG TO GET US TO CONFESS!

AND DID YOU SUCKERS FALL FOR IT!

A BRIEF BATTLE RAGES....

A RIGHT SMART LITTLE BRAWL, SKIPPER. NOW WHAT DO WE DO WITH THESE MONKEYS?

ME TAKEN BACK TO TRIBE, TRIBE KILL THEM INSTEAD OF BWANA ARNOLD!

I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN, CHIEF!

THESE MEN ARE ENTITLED TO A TRIAL, CHIEF. BUT TO SORT OF MAKE THINGS UP TO YOU AND YOUR TRIBE, HERE ARE SOME PRETTY BAUBLES!

OOOOH! PRETTY STONES. IS BARGAIN!

THE CHIEF IS MORE THAN WILLING TO FREE YOUR FATHER NOW, MISS ARNOLD. WE'LL TAKE THESE CROOKS TO THE POLICE AT THE NEAREST TOWN!

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

OH DAD, I'M SO HAPPY THAT YOU'RE SAFE!

I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, ELAINE!

BRIGHT STONES SPARKLE NICE!

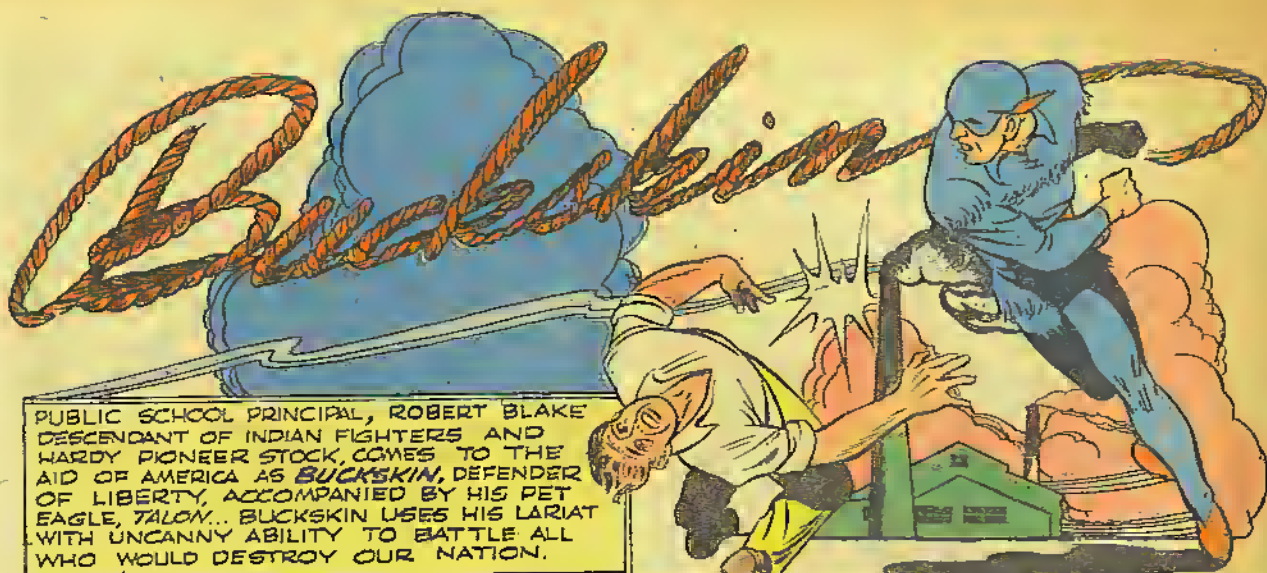
AND THEN THEY GO ON TO THE MINI-SUB

THOSE JEWELS YOU GAVE AWAY, CAP'N - THOSE WERE NOTHING BUT DIME STORE BAUBLES, PEG, HA! HA!

CROOKS DON'T LOOK SO TOUGH, NOW, EHP?

TO BAD YOU MISSED OUT, CHOP NEXT TIME WE'LL LET YOU IN ON IT!

BOYS & GIRLS, CAPTAIN GALLANT WILL THRILL YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE!!



PUBLIC SCHOOL PRINCIPAL, ROBERT BLAKE DESCENDANT OF INDIAN FIGHTERS AND HARDY PIONEER STOCK, COMES TO THE AID OF AMERICA AS **BUCKSKIN**, DEFENDER OF LIBERTY, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS PET EAGLE, TALON... BUCKSKIN USES HIS LARIAT WITH UNCANNY ABILITY TO BATTLE ALL WHO WOULD DESTROY OUR NATION.

JOHN HANLEY, DEFENSE WORKER IS ON HIS WAY TO THE TANK FACTORY WHERE HE WORKS ON THE NIGHT SHIFT!

YOU'D BETTER NOT WALK WITH ME ANY FURTHER SON... I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET TOO FAR FROM HOME AT NIGHT!

OKAY, POP... I'LL GO BACK NOW!



HOLD IT, HANLEY... WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY. I'LL BE LATE FOR WORK!

WE FOUND OUT ABOUT YOUR PRISON RECORD IN ANOTHER CITY, HANLEY... IF YOU DON'T WANT US TO TELL YOUR BOSS AND GET YOU FIRED, YOU'D BETTER DO AS WE ORDER!

BUT I'M GOING STRAIGHT NOW... I'VE GOT A WIFE AND SON... I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG!!



YOU'LL GET YOUR HEAD
KNOCKED OFF, TOO, IF YOU
GIVE US ANY 'LIP'



HANLEY'S SON, JACKIE LOOKS BACK AND SEES
WHAT IS HAPPENING?

LOOKS LIKE POP'S IN TROUBLE!
I'D BETTER SLIP BACK AND SEE
IF I CAN HELP!



WE'VE GOT
SEVERAL OTHER
MEN PLANTED AT THE
TANK FACTORY... YOU'RE
GOING TO HELP THEM
START A
STRIKE
THERE?



I.. I CAN'T..
IT.. IT'S UN-
AMERICAN ??

A WISE
GUY,
EH?

LET THIS BE
A WARNING
TO YOU!

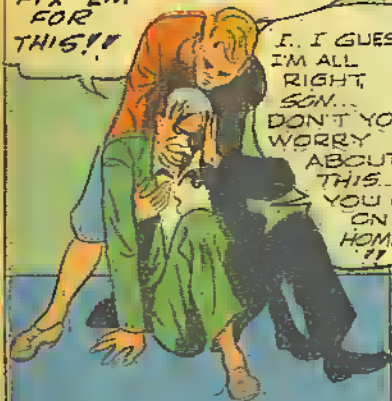


COME BACK HERE, YOU
COWARDS!.. I.. I MAY
BE SMALL BUT I'LL LICK
ALL OF YOU FOR DOING
THAT TO MY POP!



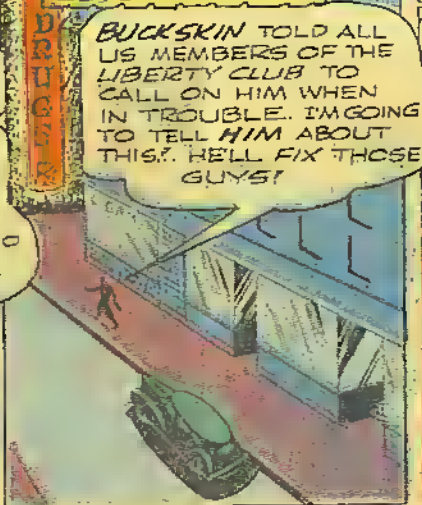
GO CHASE
YOURSELF,
KID!

YOU ALL RIGHT, POP?..
DID THEY HURT YOU
BADLY, POP?.. I.. I'LL
FIX 'EM
FOR
THIS!!



I.. I GUESS
I'M ALL
RIGHT,
SON...
DON'T YOU
WORRY
ABOUT
THIS..
YOU GO
ON HOME
!!

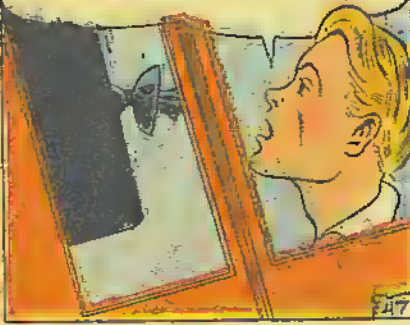
ON HIS WAY HOME, JACKIE
GETS AN IDEA!



BUCKSKIN TOLD ALL
US MEMBERS OF THE
LIBERTY CLUB TO
CALL ON HIM WHEN
IN TROUBLE.. I'M GOING
TO TELL HIM ABOUT
THIS!.. HE'LL FIX THOSE
GUYS!

JACKIE DIALS BUCKSKIN'S
SECRET NUMBER.. AND..

BUCKSKIN, THIS IS JACK
HANLEY... A BUNCH OF
MEN ARE TRYING TO
FORCE MY DAD INTO
STARTING A STRIKE
DOWN AT THE TANK
FACTORY, THEY BEAT HIM
UP AND EVERYTHING!

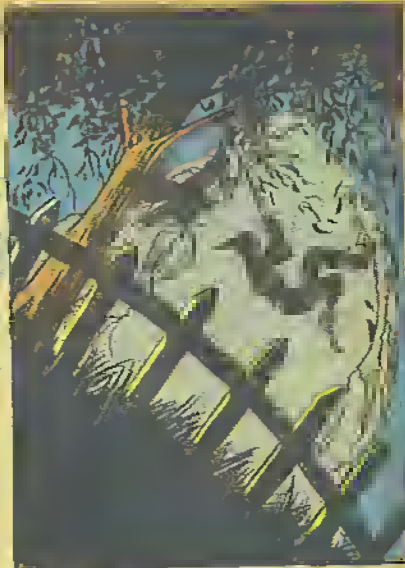


IN THE HOME OF ROBERT BLAKE!

I'M GLAD YOU CALLED ME, JACKIE. THIS IS **SERIOUS**... A STRIKE AT THAT FACTORY AT THIS TIME WOULD CAUSE A LOT OF DAMAGE! TALON AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF IT!

THE NEXT MINUTE ROBERT BLAKE, QUIET YOUNG SCHOOL PRINCIPAL, BECOMES **BUGSKIN** THE TERROR OF SPIES... SABOTEURS AND TRAITORS.

WE GO TO WORK TONIGHT, TALON, OL' BOY



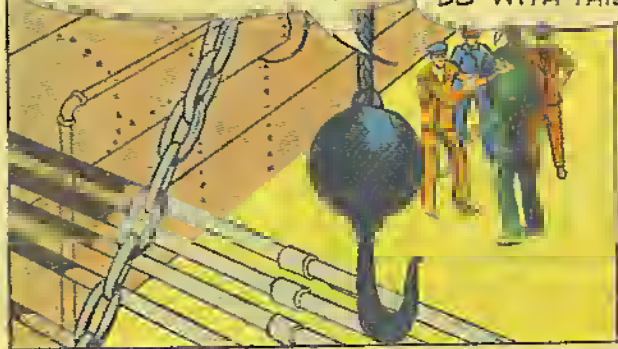
Meanwhile... AT THE FACTORY.

OUR CHIEF, LAZARRE, SAID YOU WERE ONE OF US! WE'RE STRIKE AGITATORS AND WERE ABOUT TO START A WALK-OUT, HERE, YOU GOING TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR SECTION?

I TOLD THOSE OTHER TRAITORS THAT I'M HAVING NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS!

LAZARRE SAID WE MIGHT HAVE TROUBLE WIT THIS GINK... LET'S GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY!

GOOD IDEA!



JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T BOTHER US, HANLEY!

WE'LL LOCK HIM IN HERE, WHILE WE GET THE STRIKE ORGANIZED!



A LITTLE LATER... WHEN BUCKSKIN ARRIVES!



THEY'VE STARTED
THE STRIKE ALREADY,
TALON?



THE THUGS WHO FIRST BEAT
UP HANLEY, GET OUT AN
AUTOMOBILE, OUTSIDE THE
FACTORY.

LOOKS LIKE EVERY
THING IS SET,
LAZARRE?



WORKERS! YOU ALL KNOW
HOW YOU ARE UNDER-PAID!
IF THE COMPANY DOESN'T
GIVE YOU MORE MONEY,
WRECK THE FACTORY!
DESTROY IT! SHOW THEM
YOU CAN'T BE TREATED
LIKE THAT!



HE'S WRONG!
WE'RE MAKING
THE BEST PAY
WE EVER DID!

I KNOW
BUT WE'D
BETTER
STRING
ALONG WITH
THE CROWD!



THAT FELLOW
IS INCITING THE
CROWD TO VIOLENCE.
...HE'S GOT TO
BE STOPPED!



THE FACTORY OWNERS
THINK THEY'RE TOUGH.
NOW WE'RE GOING TO
SHOW THEM HOW TOUGH
---HEY,
WHATE



THIS IS THE WAY YOU MEN SHOULD TREAT TRAITORS AND AGITATORS LIKE HIM?

WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY HELP ME?

YOU MEN PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN AMERICA'S GREAT DEFENSE PROGRAM... OUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN NEED YOUR HELP! GO BACK TO YOUR WORK AND FORGET THIS NONSENSE!

THREE CHEERS FOR BUCKSKIN!

THEN BUCKSKIN FLICKS HIS ROPE FREE OF LAZARRE!

SHALL WE SHOOT THAT GUY OUT OF THE TREE, BOSS?

NO!

YOU FOOL, NOT WITH ALL THESE WORKERS AS WITNESSES, WE'LL GET HIM LATER!

BUCKSKIN FLICKS HIS ROPE AGAIN!

GOODBYE!

THEY'RE LEAVING IN THAT CAR, TALON... FOLLOW THEM AND SHOW ME WHERE THEY GO!

A Few Minutes Later...

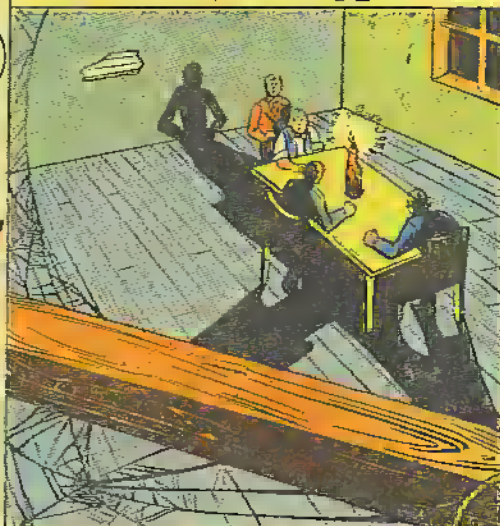
TALON IS HOVERING AROUND OVER THERE... THAT MUST BE WHERE THE CAR STOPPED!

THEY'RE USING THAT ABANDONED HOUSE AS HEAD-QUARTERS!

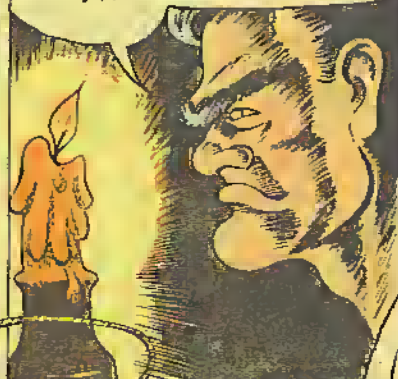
THEY'RE HOLDING
A MEETING IN
THERE... WONDER
WHAT THEIR PLANS
ARE NOW?



INSIDE THE HOUSE?

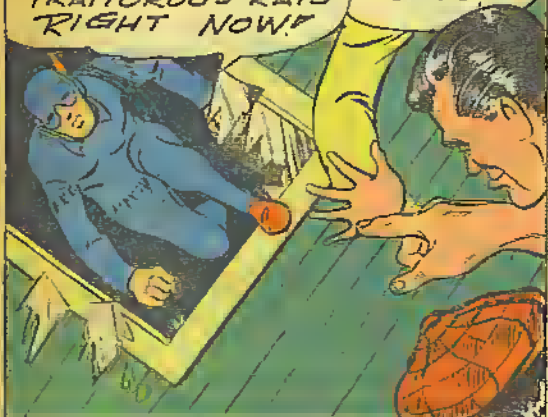


TOMORROW MORNING,
WE'LL HIRE A BUNCH OF
THUGS AND DRESS THEM
UP AS WORKERS AND SET
THEM TO WRECKING THE
FACTORY... THE COPS WILL
THINK THE WORKERS
DID IT!

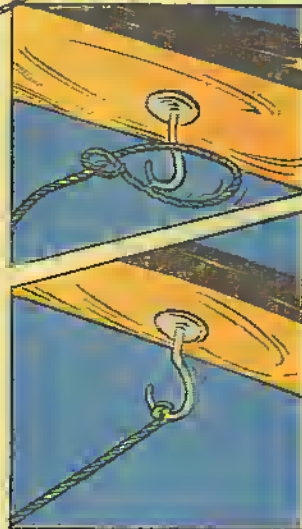


IT'S A GOOD IDEA...
BUT IT WON'T WORK
... I'M GOING TO
SETTLE WITH YOU
TRAITOROUS RATS
RIGHT NOW!

HERE HE
IS AGAIN...
GET 'IM,
BOYS!



BE WITH YOU
IN JUST A
MINUTE!



ALLEY
OOP!

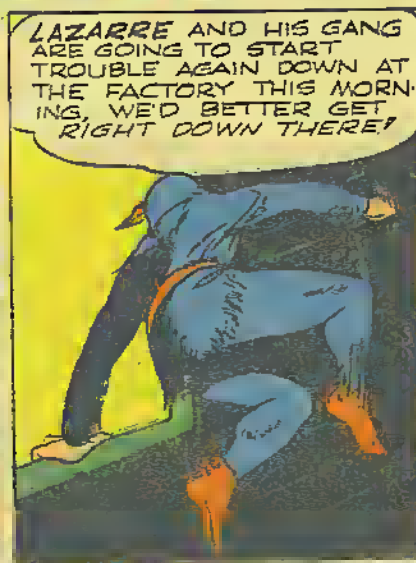
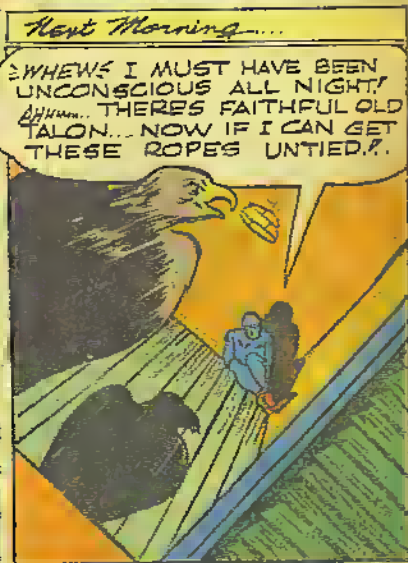


I DIDN'T MEAN TO PASS
YOU UP WITHOUT GIVING
YOU A **TOKEN** OF MY
ESTEEM!



HERE IT
IS!





WE WANT OUR PARENTS TO GO BACK TO WORK! DOWN WITH THE STRIKE!

THE KIDS ARE RIGHT! WE'RE BEING FOOLED BY A BUNCH OF FOREIGN AGENTS!

THE KIDS SEEM TO HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND.. NOW TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE!

MAYBE OUR STRIKE DIDN'T WORK, BUT WE'LL PUT THIS FACTORY OUT OF COMMISSION!

HEY LOOK!!

ME IN THE FLESH GENTLEMEN... MIND IF I BORROW ONE OF THOSE HAMMERS?

HOW DID HE ESCAPE ??

EXCUSE ME WHILE I HAMMER SOME SENSE INTO YOUR HEADS!

THE SWINGING SLEDGE-HAMMER MAKES QUICK WORK OF LAZARRE AND HIS THUGS!

NOW I'LL TIE THESE BABIES UP FOR THE POLICE!... HMM... SOMEONE'S LOCKED IN THE CLOSET!

WHY IT'S JACKIE'S FATHER... IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, MR HANLEY!

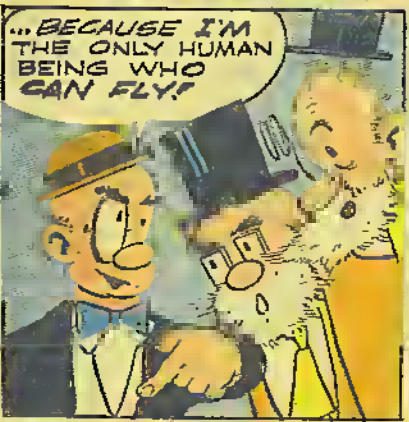
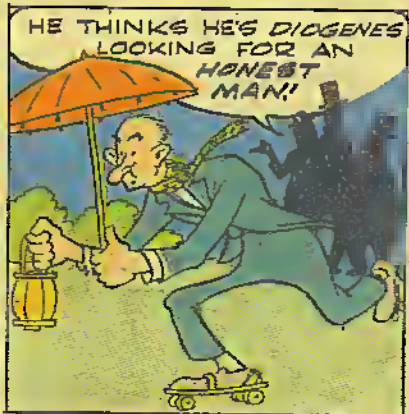
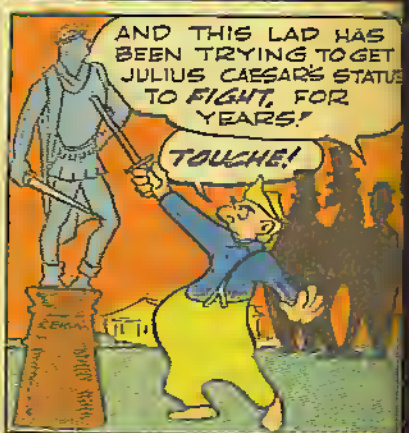
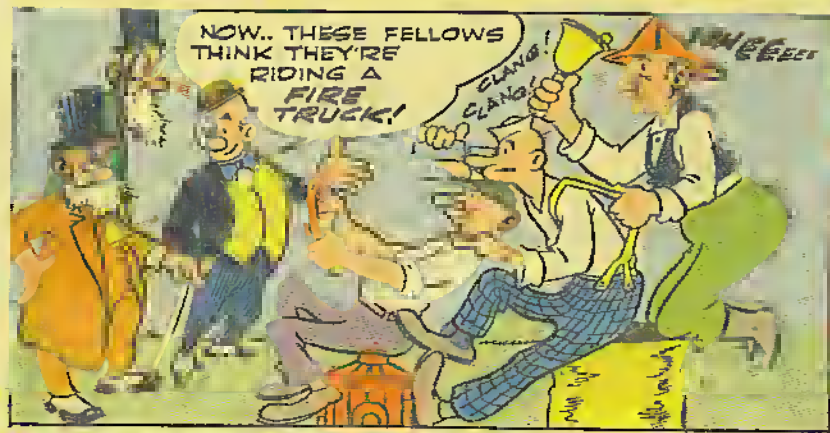
BUCKSKIN! ...AND ALL THOSE AGITATORS ALL CAPTURED!

THAT NIGHT! IT'S GOOD TO SEE THOSE FACTORIES GOING FULL BLAST AGAIN.. NOTHING MUST STOP AMERICAN DEFENSE MARCH!

FIGHT AGAINST SPIES AND SABOTEURS WITH BUCKSKIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

KOO-KOO KAPERS

BY KOSTI



Private Entrance

By SAMM

ALL OUT YOU JEEPS, COLONEL O' CORN IS HERE TO INSPECT THIS CAMP!

OH...OH...SOMEONE TOOK MY HELMET, I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THIS ONE!

WHEN THE ARMY'S PRIDE, PRIVATE ENTRANCE GETS GOING... TROUBLE'S IN!

EXIT

ANGAWD A BLACKOUT. I'M LOST!

PRIVATE OFFICE
PRIVATE ROOM

PRIVATE PROPERTY
PRIVATE ENTRANCE

I'M HERE! WHERE ARE YOU?

BLINDED BY THE HELMET, PVT ENTRANCE STAGGERS FORWARD...

LOOK WHERE YOUR HEADING PVT ENTRANCE!

HERE!
HERE

HERE!

...AND SO PRIVATE ENTRANCE MAKES HIS EXIT TO K.P. DUTY!

REMEMBER, WE MUST LEAVE THIS BOMB AT THE PRIVATE ENTRANCE OF GENERAL ALARM'S HEADQUARTERS... ASK SOMEONE WHERE IT IS!

WE'D BETTER HURRY IT WILL GO OFF SOON!

MEANWHILE

PRIVATE ENTRANCE? RIGHT OVER THERE!

QUICK.. IN HERE.. IT'S GOING OFF SOON!

BOOM

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW... POTATO CHIPS!

OLD BEN PLOVERS' seamy face resembled a thundercloud in the carmen rays of the sputtering lamp. The old man's stubbled chin jutted out stubbornly, and his bony fist rattled the table between him and the young towhead gent.

"I don't give a continental how much you need work," Old Ben snorted. "I ain't givin' you no job. Between them rustlin's and that danged skunk, Dirk Stribbler, pesterin' me every wakin' minute to sell out, I ain't trustin' nobody. Besides—" Plovers' frosty eyes narrowed at the kid—"how in hell do I know you ain't one of Stribbler's men? I had to fire the last three gents on that account. I wouldn't put it past Dirk to—"

The younker—he wasn't a shade over seventeen—hitched up his gunbelt and spat. There was an equally stubborn set to his firm lips as he tipped back his Stetson and stared levelly at Old Ben.

"Listen, Mister," he said quietly, "I ain't rid sixty miles in sun an' dust an' sweat just to be turned down. An' if you think this hombre you call Stribbler had anything to do with my bein' here, you're loco with the heat. I'm tellin' you, I gotta have a job. Even if I have to work for nothin', I ain't had a square meal in—"

Old Ben Plovers' brittle gaze swept the youth. As he'd said, he'd had hell enough already with the rustlings which were slowly draining his meager little Circle P herd. Old Ben knew it was Dirk Stribbler's doings. Stribbler ran the adjoining Box Horn S layout. His land was poor for grazing. Old Ben's was good, thick with lush grama grass. Hence Stribbler's persistent attempts to rustle Old Ben's steers. If Dirk couldn't buy Old Ben out, he'd wipe him out.

Plovers knew that was it. And he'd found out recently that the three cowpokes he'd had to fire were in Stribbler's pay. No wonder Old Ben didn't trust anyone any more.

"No use palaverin'," he told the dusty stranger who'd given his name as Bill Hardy. "The job's out. An' I'm givin' you jest five minutes to make yourself scarce. I got no time for lyin' coyotes. Get goin' now, or—"

A heavy boot heel on the porch outside sliced him short. Wheeling, Old Ben was confronted by a tall, heavyset gent with slitted fox eyes. The latter was trailed in by eight, tough, bearded hombres. The big gent sidled over to Old Ben.

"How about it, Plovers?" he jerked, without further introduction. "You still set on holdin' onto this mangy dump?" His pudgy fingers caressed the slick butt of the six-gun at his hip.

Old Ben Plovers jaw outthrust more than ever. His gray hair fairly bristled.

"You know damn well I ain't sellin', Dirk Stribbler," the old fellow grated. "Leastwise to a skunk like you. You been doin' your best to get my land. An' you ain't got me fooled with them rustlin's. Sell out to a snake like you? In a horned toad's eye I will!"

Dirk Stribbler's leer took on a nasty twist.

"Gettin' tough, huh? Well, Plovers, I reckon you'll change your tune after tonight. I—" His shuttered eyes fell on Bill Hardy. "Who in hell's this kid?"

"You ought to know," growled Old Ben, gaunt hand slithering hipward. "Seein' as he's one of your gunslicks!"

But at that moment the kid went into action. His right hand streaked down, up, had the gun in it lacing swift lead at the men before him. One gent's Stetson rocketed clear across the room. Another whiskered hombre nursed a dripping arm. Bill Hardy braced himself on straddled legs, .45 steady and smoking.

"Better clear out, Mister Stribbler," he suggested. "It mightn't be healthy around here in a coupla minutes."

Old Ben's hogleg joined Hardy's then. "Yeah," Plovers said dryly. "Not so damn healthy."

Before the old man could prevent it, Dirk Stribbler had jerked to one side, whipped a shiny .44 in the kid's face. The grim weapon spat viciously.

Bill Hardy dropped his six-shooter as if it were a fireball. He rolled limply to the floor, blood oozing from a slash in the forehead. Dodging, skimming lead from Ben Plovers, Stribbler calmly shot the old rancher's gun from his hand. Old Ben clawed at his smarting fingers, leathery face paled with pain.

In a flash, Stribbler's men had Old Ben trussed up with rope like a sheaf of wheat. "Drag 'im out to the bronc," the burly cowman ordered. "We'll teach the ol' coot to buck us."

BODILY, they hustled Old Ben outside and onto a sleek roan. With a curse, Old Ben saw it was his own horse, already saddled. He strained futilely at the biting ropes.

"Damn you, Stribbler! What in hell—"

Dirk gave a short laugh. His fox eyes snapped as he forked his horse.

"I figured you'd turn down my offer," he said. "So I had the boys get things ready beforehand. Plovers, I'm settlin' your hash for good tonight. I'm fixin' it so you'll never cross me again. After Cash Dodd gets a squint of you at his fence with a pair o' pliers, you'll be salted down for keeps. Especially after I tell him what I caught you doin'."

With that threat the rancher remained silent the rest of the ride into the night.

But Old Ben Plovers' set face had gone ashen. He tugged harder than ever at his ropes. Old Ben didn't need a diagram to tell him what Dirk meant. Stribbler was going to rustle some of Cash Dodd's stock, then plant Ben as the guilty one. Old Ben groaned. Cash Dodd owned the Hackamore D, five miles from the Circle P. For months Cash had been on the boil about losing cattle. He'd even got posse help, offered a reward to the gent who'd bring in the rustlers. Old Ben wouldn't stand a chance if Cash figured he was behind the rustlings.

Trouble-Buster

Howe

The aged rancher thought of the brave kid who had given his life trying to help clean out the Stribbler coyotes. "Pore cuss," Old Ben muttered thickly to himself. "And I figured he was in cahoots with Dirk." Thought of that, and the way the kid had pleaded for a job, brought a lump to Old Ben's throat. It almost made him forget for the moment his own impending fate.

Once at the west end of the Hackamore D, Dirk and his punchers dismounted. It was a cloudy night, the moon a blurred platter of haze, so there was small chance they'd be detected. Grinning, Stribbler yanked Old Ben from his bronc, pulled him over to the fence while the rest started cutting.

"Soon's the boys clean out them steers," Dirk chuckled. "I'll send a man in town to get the sheriff. They'll pick Cash Dodd up on the way back. I kin see Cash's face now when he spots you with them pliers."

The big fellow's sides began to shake. His eyes followed his men riding through the freshly cut opening in the wire fence. They headed for the Hackamore D steers bedded down in a little dip. Stribbler guffawed uncontrollably.

"While you're coolin' off in jail, I'll be takin' over your spread. The spread you was so sure you'd never give up. Ha! Ha!"

Old Ben squirmed until he purpled. "You wouldn't think it so damn funny if I was loose." His aching muscles bunched in a hopeless effort to part the rope.

"Haw! Haw!" roared Stribbler. "Jailed because he didn't want to hand over his spread. By gosh, I never had so much—"

The sudden thump of cold iron on skull bone made Old Ben jump. Looking up, he saw Stribbler fold like a paper doll. Dirk didn't move an inch from where he'd fallen.

But it was the wraithlike figure hovering over the rancher that made Old Ben almost gasp aloud. In the uncertain moonlight, he had spotted the towhead, a tensed young face.

"Sorry, Mister," the newcomer was saying. "But I guess I jest ain't got the same brand o' humor you have."

Quickly, he removed Old Ben's ropes, wound them tightly about the limp Stribbler.

"Hardy, by thunder!" Plovers finally managed to blurt. "I thought you was out cold!"

Bill Hardy gave a short grunt. "So did Stribbler. But he only creased me. Listen, Mister Plovers, you reckon you'd care to have a try at roundin' up the rest of them rustlers?"

Old Ben Plovers squinted at the kid as if he thought he was crazy.

"Round 'em up! Why you durn fool, they're eight to our two. And we never could sick the law-dogs on 'em in time. Look! They're got them steers ready to drive out now!"

BILL HARDY nodded. Stribbler's waddies were rolling the Hackamore D animals across the stubble field toward the fence. "Which means we

gotta work fast," the kid snapped. "I got a plan. Here, you check your saddle cinches while I git to work on that fence." Pliers in hand, he scurried to the opening.

Old Ben Plovers was sure the kid was loco now, but he hadn't time to argue. Those Box Horn S gents were getting uncomfortably close. Old Ben made a hasty examination of his saddle rigging.

Over near the fencepost, Dirk Stribbler was just coming to. Through dimmed eyes he made out Old Ben and Bill Hardy galloping yards apart from each other, straight for the men hazing out the Hackamore D steers. Each was riding a rise a bit above the rustlers. Stribbler spat out a savage curse, thin lips curling in a sneer.

"Tryin' to catch 'em at it, huh," he groaned. "They must be nuts. My boys'll mow 'em down like grass. Look out, fellers," he raised his voice thunderingly. "It's Plovers an' the kid on the loose. Give 'em hell!"

Stribbler's men gawked at the horsemen heading quickly for them. Then they had their spurs biting bronc-flesh, guns out coughing. They dashed at the two gents fogging eagerly for certain suicide.

Then a funny thing happened. Box Horse S men began to drop from their saddles. Three, five gents whanged free of leather, to be trampled by the spooked-up herd about them. Stribbler gasped. Men continued to fall, and still not a shot fired from either the old man or his kid helper!

"Hell!" choked Stribbler. "I'm the one that's nuts. I'm clean outta my head."

Ben Plovers and Bill Hardy were out of their saddles, disarming the few gents not killed by the rush of cattle. In a drove, they herded them to where the trussed-up rancher lay. Bill Hardy's flushed face wrinkled in a grin.

"Still want to call in the sheriff an' Cash Dodd, Mister Stribbler?" he asked.

Plovers!" the pale Dirk pleaded. "Take my men, my spread, anything, but get me to a doc quick. I'm clean daft. I just now seen eight men knocked out by a ghost!"

Old Ben Plovers grinned through his sweat. He twirled his six-gun in the big cattleman's face.

"Take another look, Stribbler. At our hawsses, I mean. Thanks to your pliers, that fencewire we hooked onto our saddle horns shaved your men from their broncs slicker'n a whistle. They couldn't spot the wire in this light. You ain't daft, Stribbler. Just dumb. Outsmarted by a towheaded kid."

Plovers turned to Hardy who had just finished roping his captives in their saddles. "Well, what you standin' around gawkin' for? Get them skunks into town and hustle back that reward. You an' me got a lot of day-herdin' to do tomorrow. Gents on my payroll has to sweat for their keep."

Old Ben was still grinning as he watched the riders fade on the distant hill. Some day, he told himself, when he was too old for active work, he'd turn the Circle P over to younger shoulders. To a gent, maybe, with a towhead, and clear gray eyes. Old Ben started whistling.

PEEWEE WILSON

U.S.A.

LITTLE DOES
PEEWEE WILSON
KNOW AS HE IS
PROMOTED TO
CORPORAL, THAT
HIS TWO STRIPES
ARE GOING TO
LET HIM IN FOR
A LOT OF SUR-
PRISES, WITH
THE HELP OF
HIS TWO TENT-
MATES, AL
AND GEORGE!



LOOK, GEORGE! HERE
COMES PEEWEE SPORTIN'
HIS NEW STRIPES

SOMETHIN' TELLS
ME HE'S GOIN' TO
COME TO GRIEF WITH
THEM, AL-- IF HE
DOESN'T WATCH OUT



YOU BOYS GOT NOTHIN'
TO WORRY ABOUT, WITH
CORPORAL PEEWEE WILSON
A-LOOKIN' AFTER YOU!

THAT'S WHAT I BEEN
TELLIN' GEORGE!

NEXT, YOU'LL BE
PROMOTED TO GENERAL,
'FORE YOU KNOW IT!



AS THE BUGLER SOUNDS ATTENTION

THAT
CALL
MEANS FER
ALL NONCOMS
TO GIT ORDERS
FER THE MANEU-
VERS TOMORROW!
SO LONG, BOYS!



SOMETHIN' TELLS ME
THAT WE'RE GOIN' TO
HAVE SOME FUN WITH
CORPORAL WILSON AT
MANEUVERS TOMORROW!



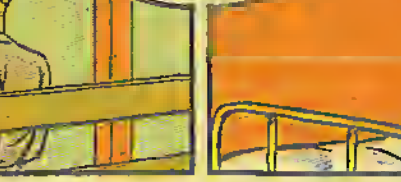
AL, YOU TOOK THE
WORDS RIGHT OUT OF
MY MOUTH!

IN COMPANY WITH OTHER CORPORALS
PEEWEE RECEIVED FINAL INSTRUCTIONS
ABOUT THE MANEUVERS

THESE ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS.
BUT DON'T FORGET, THE U.S.
ARMY BELIEVES THAT A
GOOD SOLDIER USES HIS
IMAGINATION TOO, IF IT
WILL HELP MANEUVERS



REMEMBER
TOO-- THAT THE
OFFICERS OF TOMORROW
COME FROM THE RANKS!
SOLDIERS WHO USE
THEIR HEADS TO OUT-
THINK THE ENEMY!
DISMISSED!



YES-SIR!

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MANEUVERS
PEEWEE DREAMS THAT HE
HAS BECOME A GENERAL



IN THE MORNING PEEWEE AWAKES,
STILL A CORPORAL, BUT HE VOWS--

SHUCKS! AH WON'T
BE A CORPORAL LONG!
GENERAL PEEWEE WILSON
SOUNDS BETTER!



THE FIRST DAY IS OCCUPIED BY THE OPPOSING ARMIES, THE RED,
AND THE BLUE, IN GETTING INTO POSITION FOR THE ATTACK
ON THE NEXT DAY



PEEWEE AND HIS MEN REACH THEIR POSITION
AS NIGHT FALLS

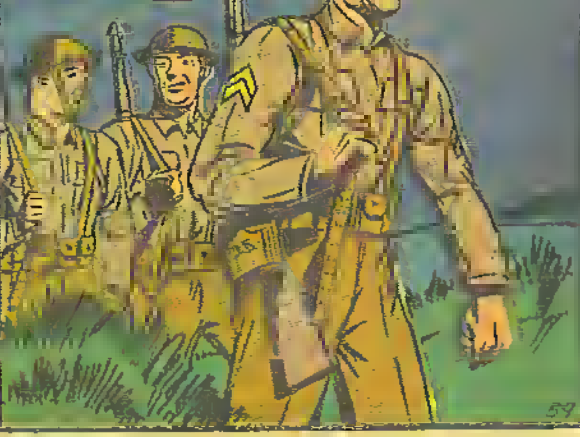
MAH ORDERS
FER TOMORROW
AIR TO TAKE
THE ROAD TO
FOX HILL. WE ATTACK
THE HILL AN' CAPTURE
THE LOOKOUTS SO THEY
CAIN'T REPORT WHAR
OUR TANKS ARE A
MOVIN' TO



WHAT'S
HAPPENIN'
ON MILL ROAD
CORP?

BOY--THAT'S
USIN' A No. 1
STRATEGY!

MILL ROAD HAIN'T EVEN
IN THE MANEUVERS.
SAY, WE'D BETTER
CATCH UP TO THE
REST O' THE BOYS!



THAT NIGHT, AS PEEWEE SLEEPS,
WITH THE REST OF THE SQUAD IN
ON THE JOKE -- AL AND GEORGE
LEAVE QUIETLY AND --



REVERSE THE DIRECTIONS ON
THE SIGNPOST!



THE NEXT MORNING PEEWEE
CALLS HIS SQUAD TOGETHER

MEN! AH'M GOIN' AHAIID ALONE
TO FOX HILL AN' SCOUT THE ENEMY
POSITION. AH'LL FIND OUT WHAR IT'S
EASIER TO ATTACK 'EM FROM!
STAY HEAH 'TIL AH
GIT BACK



AS PEEWEE HURRIES OFF ON WHAT
HE IMAGINES IS THE ROAD TO FOX
HILL -- UNAWARE THAT THE SIGN-
POST HAS BEEN REVERSED --

GOOD LUCK, CORPORAL!

WE'LL BE
WAITIN' FOR
YOU!



PEEWEE DOESN'T EVEN
KNOW HE'S GOIN' IN THE
WRONG DIRECTION!



A LITTLE WHILE LATER AN OFFICER
DRIVES UP

WHAT ARE YOU MEN DOING HERE?
DON'T YOU KNOW THE ATTACK HAS
STARTED? WHERE IS YOUR CORPORAL?

HE'S GONE SCOUTING
THE ENEMY POSITION,
SIR

ON THE MILL
ROAD, SIR



MILL ROAD! NO
ACTION TAKES PLACE
THERE! I'LL HAVE
YOUR CORPORAL WILSON
PUT IN THE GUARDHOUSE
FOR THIS! MEANWHILE,
YOU MEN FOLLOW ME
UNTIL WE CONTACT ANOTHER
COMPANY!



AND SO PEEWEE'S SQUAD GOES
OFF IN THE REAL DIRECTION OF
THE ATTACK

DOUBLE TIME,
MARCH!



PEEWEE WALKS SEVERAL MILES WITHOUT MEETING A SOUL

DOGGONE! NEVER DID SEE SUCH A LONELY ROAD! AH CAN'T FIGGER WHY AH AIN'T MET NO ONE?



AH NOT ONLY DIDN'T CATCH UP WITH ANYBODY, BUT EVEN THE HILL'S DONE GONE SOMEWHARS NOW!



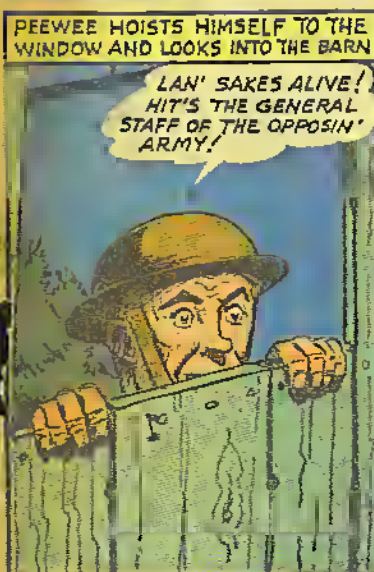
AT A TURN IN THE ROAD PEEWEE COMES UPON A DESERTED BARN AND--

AH SHORE THOUGHT AH HEARD SOMEBODY A-TALKIN' IN THET OLE BARN! MAYBE THAR'S FOLKS IN THAR!



PEEWEE HOISTS HIMSELF TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS INTO THE BARN

LAN' SAKES ALIVE! HIT'S THE GENERAL STAFF OF THE OPPOSIN' ARMY!

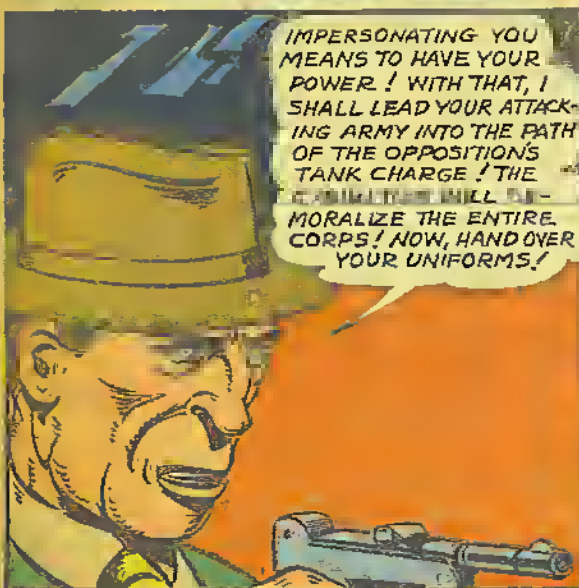


NOW, GENTLEMEN! DON'T LOOK SO ANGRY! YOU MUST ADMIT IT WAS A NEAT TRICK TO LEAD YOU HERE AND KIDNAP YOU. NOW, ALL WE WANT ARE YOUR UNIFORMS

AND WHAT WOULD AN IMPOSTER LIKE YOU HOPE TO GAIN BY IMPERSONATING US?

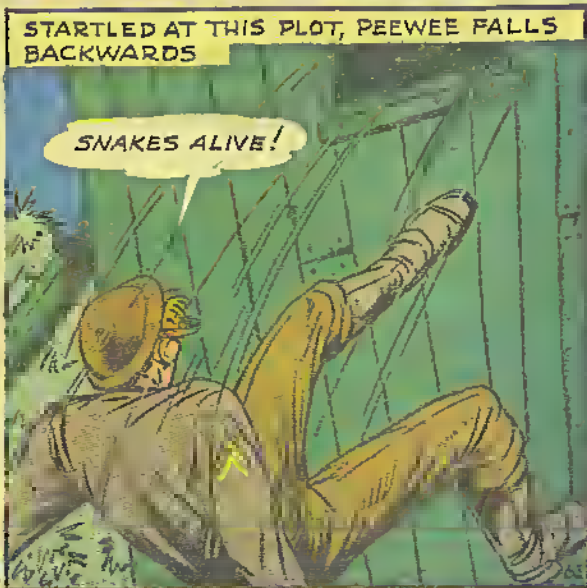


IMPERSONATING YOU MEANS TO HAVE YOUR POWER! WITH THAT, I SHALL LEAD YOUR ATTACKING ARMY INTO THE PATH OF THE OPPOSITION'S TANK CHARGE! THE COUNCIL WILL DEMORALIZE THE ENTIRE CORPS! NOW, HAND OVER YOUR UNIFORMS!



STARTLED AT THIS PLOT, PEEWEE FALLS BACKWARDS

SNAKES ALIVE!



THE NOISE ALARMS THE MEN INSIDE, WHO RUN OUT AND SURROUND PEEWEE BEFORE HE CAN ESCAPE

AH CAIN'T FIGHT 'EM MYSELF! AH GOTTA MAKE 'EM THINK THEY'RE JUST FOOLIN'



BOYS, THAT SHORE IS A SMART TRICK A-CAPTURIN' THE GENERAL STAFF SO YOU-ALL KIN WIN THE MAINE OVERS!



FOOLED BY PEEWEE, THE SABOTEURS BRING HIM IN TO THEIR CHIEF, GOLK

I'M A BLUE, LIKE YOURSELF, SIR. THEY SHORE AIR A SMART TRICK MAKIN' BELIEVE YOU'RE THE RED GENERAL. YOU'LL SHORE WIN THE MAINE OVERS FER US WITH THAT STUNT!



YOU IDIOT! CAN'T YOU SEE THESE MEN ARE DANGEROUS SABOTEURS! THEY'RE GOING TO LEAD YOUR OWN BUDDIES INTO DANGER!

RUN, GET HELP!

DON'T BE A BONEHEAD! YOU'RE BEING FOOLED!



PEEWEE MAKES BELIEVE HE REALLY IS FOOLED IN ORDER TO DECEIVE THE SPIES

NOW, NOW, GENERAL. AH KNOW THAT THIS HEAH IS ONLY A WAR GAME

IDIOT! I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT FOR THIS!



OUTSIDE GOLK CONSULTS WITH HIS MEN NOW ATTIRED IN THE OTHER'S UNIFORMS

WITH THAT DUMB AMERICAN CORPORAL DRIVING OUR CAR-- NO ONE WILL THINK OF STOPPING US!

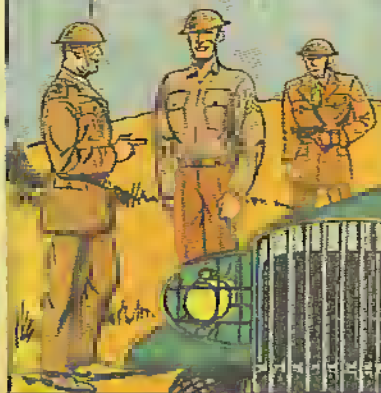
YOUR PLAN, HERR GOLK, VILL BE A MASTERSTROKE FOR DER VATERLAND!



GOLK ORDERS HIS AIDE TO SHOOT PEEWEE IF HE ACTS SUSPICIOUS IN THE SUGHTTEST WAY-- THEN CALLS HIM

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO DRIVE US TO THE MAINE OVERS, CORPORAL?

SHORE WOULD, SIR!



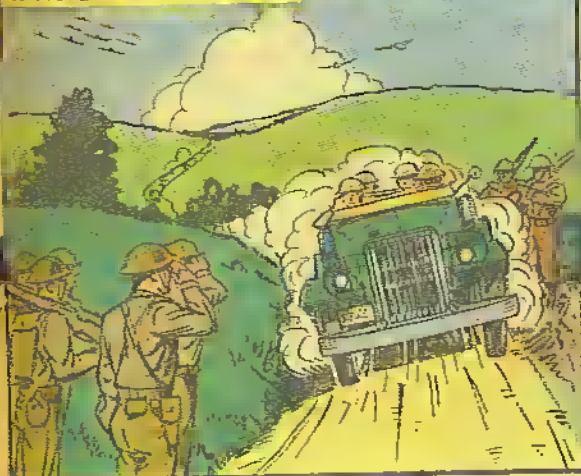
PEEWEE DRIVES OFF

THE GENERAL SHORE SEEMED HOPPIN' MAD

HE'LL BE Madder YET!



AS THE STAFF CAR REACHES THE BATTLE ZONE, IT GETS THE RIGHT OF WAY. OFFICERS AND MEN SALUTE, MISTAKING THE OCCUPANTS FOR THE REAL GENERAL STAFF



IN THE BACK SEAT

SEE? THEY WILL OBEY US BLINDLY! WE WILL ORDER A CHARGE BY THE INFANTRY AND ARTILLERY INTO THE TANK CHARGE COMING FROM THE OTHER SIDE, NOT EXPECTING ANY RESISTANCE -- THEY WILL CRASH FULL SPEED INTO EACH OTHER! THE STUPID AMERICANS WILL BE STUNNED BY THIS DISASTER!

VUNDERBAR! HERR GOLK!



UNDER THE DIABOLICAL COMMANDS OF THE FAKE GENERAL STAFF -- MEN AND TANKS RUSH TOWARDS EACH OTHER IN WHAT SEEMS LIKE CERTAIN DISASTER WHEN--

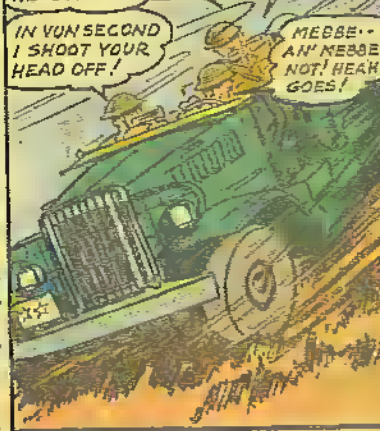


PEEWEE DELIBERATELY STEERS THE STAFF CAR IN BETWEEN THE TWO FORCES JUST IN TIME TO STOP THEM!

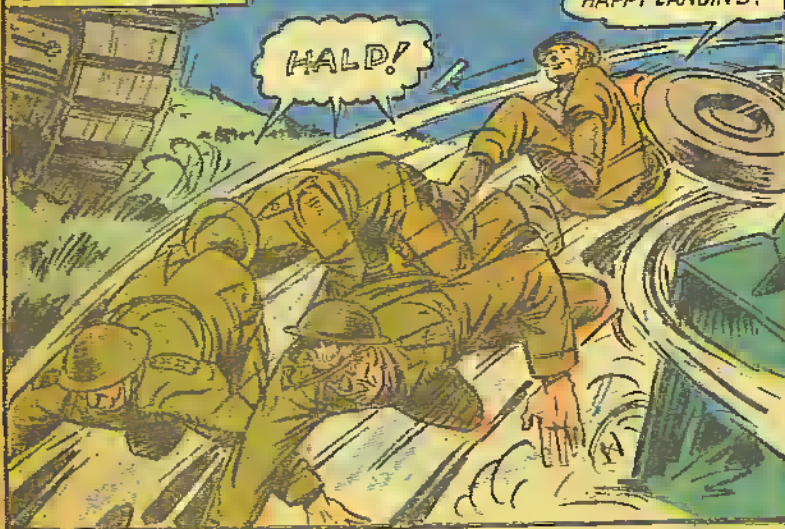
HE HAS BETRAYED US! SHOOT HIM UNLESS HE STOPS!

IN VON SECOND I SHOOT YOUR HEAD OFF!

MEBBE-- AN' MEBBE NOT! HEAR GOES!



PEEWEE SKIDS THE CAR UNTIL IT OVERTURNS--HURLING EVERYONE OUT OF IT!



HALD!

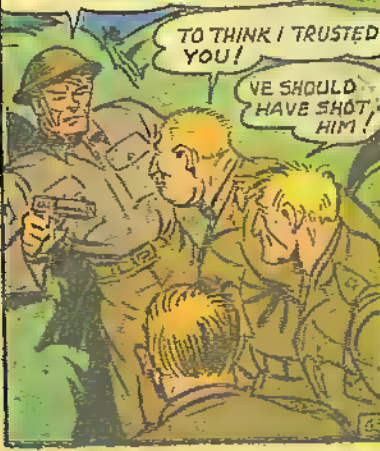
HAPPY LANDIN'S!

PEEWEE HOLDS THE SPIES AT BAY IN THE HOLE WHERE THEY HAD BEEN FLUNG

AH RECKON MEBBE YOU'ALL HAD BETTER STAY HEAR UNTIL THE REST O'THE ARMY COMES!

TO THINK I TRUSTED YOU!

VE SHOULD HAVE SHOT HIM!

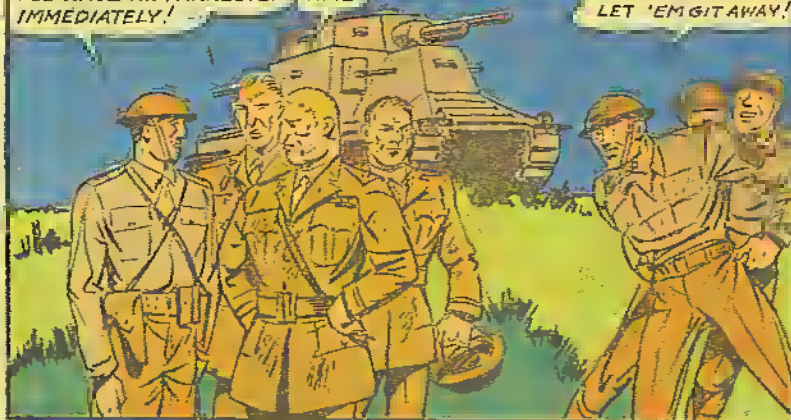


THE OFFICER WHO HAD TAKEN CHARGE OF PEEWEE'S SQUAD, ORDERS HIS ARREST, MISTAKING THE SPIES FOR THE REAL GENERAL STAFF

SO SORRY THIS FOOL CAUSED YOU SO MUCH TROUBLE, GENERAL! I'LL HAVE HIM ARRESTED IMMEDIATELY!

GOOD! YOU MAY ORDER THE ATTACK CONTINUED! WE'LL WATCH FROM THAT HILL

THEY'RE SPIES! AH TELL YE! YOU'RE A GOIN' TO LET 'EM GIT AWAY!



AS GORK AND HIS MEN ARE ABOUT TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE--

THANK YOU FOR HELPING US FROM THIS MAD FOOL

I'LL SEE TO IT THAT HE WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN, SIR!

LOOKA HIM!



HE'S GONE NUTS!

PEEWEE SEIZES A GARAND RIFLE FROM AN UNSUSPECTING SOLDIER

HEY, WHAT THE?

SORRY, SOLDIER! NOW, STICK 'EM UP EVERYBODY!



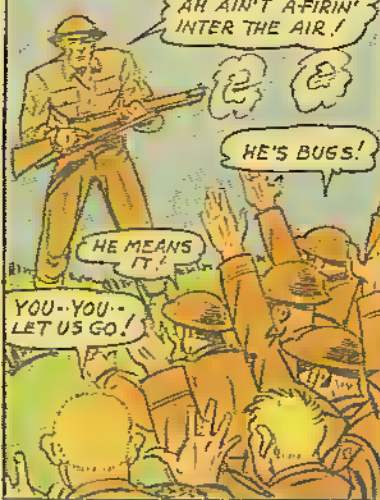
PEEWEE COVERS EVERYONE--

THE NEXT TIME-- AH AIN'T A FIRIN' INTER THE AIR!

HE'S BUGS!

HE MEANS IT!

YOU--YOU-- LET US GO!



THE REAL GENERAL STAFF ARRIVES

DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE US SO SOON, DID YOU HERR VOLK?

THE REST OF YOUR MEN HAVE ALREADY BEEN ARRESTED

YOU SHOULD HAVE TAUGHT THEM TO GUARD US MORE CLOSELY



VOLK AND THE SPIES ARE HERDED AWAY

WE KNEW AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WOULDN'T BETRAY US, THAT'S WHY WE YELLED AT YOU-- JUST TO HELP YOUR LITTLE ACT ALONG

GOSH!



THAT WAS VERY QUICK THINKING ON YOUR PART, SERGEANT WILSON!

BUT-- I'M ONLY A CORPORAL, SIR!



LATER

GUESS THE GENERAL SHORE MEANT HIT WHEN HE SAID SARGINT WILSON!

SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK!

AW-- SHUT UP!



MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES FOR SERGEANT PEEWEE WILSON IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS!

TALK ABOUT THRILLS!



WELL, YOU HAVEN'T HAD ANY UNTIL YOU'VE READ "4 FAVORITES" AND "OUR FLAG" COMICS!

4 FAVORITES COMICS

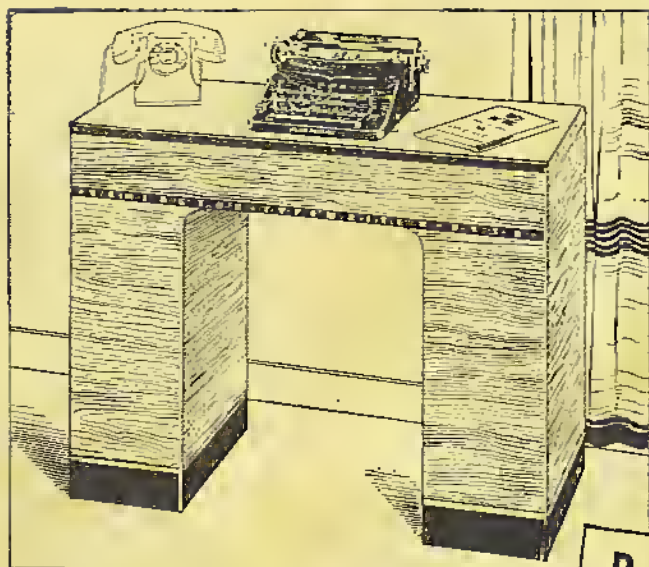
If you enjoy THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER in "Our Flag"; if MAGNO and DAVEY thrill you in "Super-Mystery"; if "Lightning Comics" astounds you with "LASH" LIGHTNING and THE RAVEN, can you imagine how much fun and enjoyment you'll get from "Four Favorites"? For in this comic book you'll find long, action-packed stories of *all four* of these favorites! Get your copy NOW!



OUR FLAG COMICS

Watch for the April issue! You'll meet MR. RISK, the man who broadcasts: "Is your life in danger? Then, let *me* take your place!" Tigers slink away from him; thieves want no part of him; and as for *murderers*—well! He's NEW; he's DIFFERENT; he's REAL! And, of course there're also the old stand-bys, THE FLAG, THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER, and THE THREE CHEERS. They're *always* swell!





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